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A German Girl's Autobiography

RESTLESS DAYS. By Lilo Linke. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ROSIE GRAEFENBERG

THIS is the story of a young German girl, who grew up during what Mr. Hitler calls the "fourteen shameful years of the German Republic." Her parents, Miss Linke tells us, were convinced that Germany could have won the war, if the revolution had not stabbed the army in the back on behalf of the Jewish internationale. This was the attitude of the German petty bourgeoisie, who paved the way for National Socialism and acclaimed it fervently when it came to power in 1933.

A passionate ambition to achieve something above the average made the girl critical of her narrow environment. A girl friend, Anne, daughter of a Jewish scientist, became a strong influence.

> I do not know [she writes] what would have become of me, without Anne. Perhaps uncontrolled sentimentalities might have led me the same way as my family, my school friends—and as it seems at the moment—the majority of my countrymen: into the arms of the Nazis. As it was, they never tempted me for a moment. The belief in a masterful spirit, knowledge, understanding, and justice made me their enemy. . . .

While a burning ambition to achieve something above the average is apt to be lost in weaker personalities after puberty, Miss Linke, obviously gifted with a certain cautious coolness, makes it her principle of life. Her success with the *Wandervogel*, a youth movement, where she became "leader" of the group of girls, is of course only a beginning. Yet the chapters on the *Wandervogel* are the most remarkable of the book.

The German youth-movement of the present is a typical German phenomenon. Many features of National Socialism—from the cult of collectivism as against that of individualism and the pagan solstice-celebrations to the *Heil*—go back to it. Miss Linke does not attempt to analyze the historical meaning of the *Wandervogel* movement, but she makes you see the young people of this confused German after-war and inflation era, as they wander through the wonderful German lands with their guitars and their songs. You see these girls and boys share their struggle and their poverty, their idealism and their hope, and you understand why their relationship is so real, though it is so chaste.

The conflict between community and personality sprang up soon enough for the heroine of "Restless Days." It wore the features of a male *Wandervogel*. The "group," resenting the interest of the "Leader" in an individual, and feeling neglected, imposed on her the choice of belonging heart and soul to the community or of resigning. Miss Linke resigned—not so much because she was in love with the boy but because of her principles. "You make a god of the community and degrade the individual into its slaves," she tells her "group" in her valedictory speech.

It must have been more than pure chance that this girl with her liberalistic leanings got a job as secretary of the "League of Young Democrats," the youth movement of the democratic party. Yet the narrative of the agony of German democracy, which Miss Linke witnesses

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PATHETIC LOVER AND GILDED VILLAIN RETURN TO BROADWAY

Humphrey Bogart as Duke Mantee (left), Leslie Howard as Alan Squier (seated, center) in "The Petrified Forest" by Robert E. Sherwood. Photo by Vandamm Studio.

Broadway's Bright Ideas

BY ALLARDYCE NICOLL

IN "The Petrified Forest" a young man who has proved a failure in life takes his insurance policy from his pocket, writes on it the name of a young woman as the recipient, commits suicide by persuading a gangster to shoot him, and leaves the next generation to enjoy itself; in "Awake and Sing" an old man who has proved a failure in life also takes his insurance policy from his pocket, writes on it the name of a young man as the recipient, commits suicide by slipping off a tenement roof, and so likewise leaves the next generation to awakened and sonorous enjoyment. The duplication of this device has an undoubted interest. It serves to remind us that, even though we are accustomed to laud this dramatist for his freshness of vision and that one for his distinctive originality, there is truly nothing new under the acting area floods. Theatrical audiences over countless generations have proved that they want, not novelty, but merely the semblance of novelty. Certain definite formulas they have established firmly by their approval and the really skilful, or lucky, playwright is he who succeeds in planning the greatest number of variations on time-worn themes. The self-sacrificer of "Awake and Sing" is old and he is taking the house dog for a very necessary constitutional on the roof; his companion in "The Petrified Forest" is moderately young and confronts a gunman's sub-machine-gun: these are sufficient distinctions for the stage, and spectators, actually rejoicing in the reception of a long-tried favorite, imagine they are getting the thrill of unexpected encounters with unknown faces. Writing a play is rather like taking a ticket in the Irish Sweep: in one drum are names of situations, situations as varied as those of life itself, in another are names of characters, from New York to Los Angeles, from London to Timbuctoo. The dramatist hopefully dips in his hands and draws a set of situation cards and then a set of character cards. Two rules there are in the game. First, in the two sets good cards must match if there is to be success. Second, and more important, the playwright must draw runners, if he is to win. Should he be so fortunate as to draw even three runners in each set and find good situations matching good characters, then, in these days, he may confidently expect to come near the Pulitzer Prize.

For some hitherto unrevealed reason the character presented in "The Petrified Forest" and in "Awake and Sing" has always proved a very capable runner. The early drama had him in the guise of the Pathetic Lover who sighed for the love of a lady he might never attain and who often self-sacrificingly abandoned his life that she might enjoy the devotion of the Hero. The age of melodrama knew him in the thousands and in the days of Dryden he multifariously expired on the stage with the most proper of sentiments on his paling lips. Latterly as Pathetic Lover pure and simple (in more senses than one) he has not been quite so popular; a little experience and a judicious sowing of wild oats succeeds today in adding spice to his appearance. One of his Protean entrances in modern dress is made by the elderly dramatist of "Accent on Youth." True, this gentleman does not take his insurance policy from his pocket, but he condescends to write a love scene for a less aged, more athletic, and less witty competitor who, thanks partly to the aid thus given him, carries off for a time the charming young idol of his affections. Why failure should be theatrically appealing is a mystery; perhaps we all recognize our own stupidities and limitations; but whatever the cause, when we are one of an audience, we find a strange sympathy for such persons, even for those who, like Dr. Cardin of "The Children's Hour," are only vaguely of their kin, or who, like Charlotte Lovell of "The Old Maid," are but cousins.

If the Pathetic Lover (genus Failure) was paradoxically one of the most successful types in the old-fashioned heroic play and melodrama, the black-cloaked Villain ran him a good second. Of dramatic villains there have been, and are, two essential kinds: the guilty villain and the gilded villain. The first is unrelieved in sable; the second is discovered to possess, in spite of his enormities, an unsuspected heart of gold. Between the two, honors are about even. In watching evil unregenerated man derives peculiar pleasure; but he also derives pleasure from the recognition that, however bad appearances may be, a human pulse throbs under a hard-

(*Continued on next page*)

The Russian Lincoln

TSAR OF FREEDOM. By Stephen Graham. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by GRAND DUCHESS MARIE

IT is only recently that Russia has begun to attract the attention of the world. Hitherto her history and her problems were too remote to excite interest. At present however she has become a center of study and observation and a subject of heated discussion. But few know anything of her past, and for the majority it is as if her history started with the advent of communism. There is no comprehension of the earlier stages of her development and without this comprehension a fair judgment of her present problems is almost impossible.

The Russian rulers, the most criticized and misunderstood in the world, were judged entirely as individual characters without any consideration for the situations they had to deal with. Their efforts to the good, their constructive work, were either overlooked or belittled; their errors, personal weaknesses, and failures were emphasized and held in prominence. Yet they contributed their share in the building of the Empire and in the shaping of its destinies. Some of them expressed the spirit of their epoch as regards their country and they also crystallized the aspirations of the people, giving them a definite expression.

This was particularly true of Alexander II, a sovereign who embodied the Russian will toward intellectual release and emancipation. He was a monarch of a new type, a Western minded man, profoundly liberal in his convictions and aspirations and a realistic humanitarian. Not only was he well intentioned, but he had a faculty which few sovereigns possess however noble their aims, he had the feeling of what was timely, he also had the capacity of penetrating below the surface and understanding the real needs of the people. He was a man of courage and determination but a lover of peace. His reforms, the greatest of which was the liberation of twenty-three million serfs, amounted to a revolution, but it was so wisely conducted that it created no social upheaval. The scope and importance of his reforms were tremendous and they were achieved in spite of overwhelming difficulties and opposition on all sides. Under his reign Russia's intellectual forces blossomed forth,

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Broadway's Bright Ideas

(*Continued from first page*)

ened skin. The murderer who, fleeing from his enemies, stops to befriend an orphan child, is wondrously appealing; as the creator of Duke Mantee knew when he made that killer chide the hero for his too, too cruel words to an old, old man. Among villains, Miss Hellman picked a rather good one in "The Children's Hour"; her combination of Iagoish malignity and of lisping childhood would be hard to beat. Albert Maltz elected a more familiar, but for that reason none the less effective, example for "The Black Pit"; his Prescott stems directly from the days of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and melodramatic joys. For "Post Road" W. D. Steele and Norma Mitchell decided to have a whole bevy of villains, not one of them with hopes of redemption. Of the second type, the Carole Arden of "Personal Appearance" is an interesting specimen. Drifting glamorously on stage she nearly succeeds in alienating the affections of the noble Hero from the Heroine; we are, however, duly informed that a kindly spirit flutters within her breast and appeal to that (together with a skilful employment of Hollywood sentiment) causes her to drift as glamorously away. Had she appeared in melodrama, she would have been the mistress and tool of Duke Mantee in "The Petrified Forest." Different as she seems, Judith Anderson's part in "The Old Maid" belongs to the same lineage.

An examination of these Failures and Villains serves to prove that there are certain things which will always bring success in the theatre and, still more important, that the theatre demands, not individualized and intimately observed personalities, but a series of stock types. From the presentation of so-called realistic plays we have cheated ourselves into believing that the play is able to delineate life in the same way as the novel can, but the fancy is a vain one. In the theatre unconsciously we expect and fervently we welcome the old favorites. The Stupid Booby and the Innocent Male are always thetic Lover thrown in for extra measure, in "Man and Superman" and in "Candida." The innocent hero of "Personal Appearance" gets one of his best and most sympathetic laughs when he has his most innocent line to utter. Most appealing proves the dramatist of "Accent on Youth" when he is most dumb; the involuntarily erring husband of "Three Men on a Horse" pleases us best when he is most stupid. A common and serviceable device is to display this worm turning; and in turning that worm invariably takes center stage. Sam Feinschreiber of "Awake and Sing" does it when he comes in gasping for Mama; so does Erwin Trowbridge of "Three Men on a Horse" when he succeeds in dominating his captors; even George Preble has his moment as, after a radio-tinkering existence, he faces up to the different music of a Church Meeting. Maybe the element of unexpectedness enters in here: unquestionably its exploitation is another sure-fire winner in the playhouse. Audiences derive a thrilled and amused excitement when the gangster of "The Petrified Forest" reproves the Hero for insulting the old man: and "Personal Appearance" has for its final, and successful, curtain-line the statement by the would-be refined cinema star that her manager is, so to say, the male offspring of a lady dog.

This, however, carries us to yet another dramatic device. Spectators have always been interested and amused if they see a situation wherein the characters on the stage are forced to reveal something they have hitherto carefully concealed. Any dramatist knows how effective it is to make the hero begin to take off his pants or the heroine her dress; equally effective is a spiritual stripping. Sometimes the scene is brutal as that which shows Captain Schlegel in "Till the Day I Die" raving hysterically in thwarted rage: but more commonly the device has a laughter-moving quality akin to that of "Personal Appearance," or else is associated with the contrast between fiction and life. Pirandello has created an entire international reputation on this one motif alone. When W. S. Gilbert built up an imaginary "Palace of Truth," an enchanted spot entering wherein all persons were forced to dispense with their daily lies, he was composing "The Petrified Forest" of the seventies. What today is accomplished by means of a Black Mesa filling-station and a gangster's gun was effected in Victorian times by a fairy palace and a magician's wand. Nor does "Accent on Youth" stand far off. The entry of fiction into the world of the real has close affinities to this; that device, too, has intrigued audiences from the days of Beaumont and Fletcher ("The Knight of the Burning Pestle") through those of Frederick Reynolds ("The Dramatist") down to those of our very own.

The truth is, of course, that plays are like jokes: they continually seem to be, but essentially are not, new. On a modest computation a thousand public dinner parties are held every night of the year—in all, let us say, some 350,000. At each of these from one to half a dozen speakers rise nervously to their feet, finger their ties, push their chairs back and their coffee cups forward, and proceed to pro- may estimate that the number of such publicly uttered jests amounts in a year to massive millions: yet several famous critic-philosophers have solemnly assured us, and have backed up their assurances with all the weight of their scholarly wisdom, that there are only about a dozen essential comic situations from which these myriad variations have come. Man's ability to devise such variations and his unending power of deriving fresh interest therefrom are qualities which, to an impartial observer, are at once awe-inspiring and a trifle pathetic.

Like jokes, not only dramatic characters but whole plays find their basis in firmly fixed situations of an eternally established kind. "Abie's Irish Rose" does not at first sight look like "Romeo and Juliet"; but closer examination reveals that the fundamental action of both is the same. Not only so, but between the time when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy of love and Anne Nichols her comedy, there have been popular on the stage hundreds of plays, serious and laughable, wherein two sweethearts find their course of wooing rendered thorny and hard because of family prejudice. The combination of Hero and Heroine with Family Opposition is one of the perennial winners. Another of the never-failing winners is the Melodramatic Rescue. Take a Distressed Heroine in the clutches of a Villain (who may be at times merely Adverse Circumstances), show a Hero rescuing her, and your play cannot fail. Rudolf Besier knew this when he wrote "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," casting Elizabeth Barrett as Heroine, her father as Villain, and Robert Browning as Hero. Browning's carrying of Elizabeth from her father's house was just as good as any cowboy's thrillingly equestrian feats in preserving a fair maid of the ranches from the marauding cattle-thieves. Robert Sherwood knew it, too, when he wove his philosophical reflections into a framework of a similar sort. Conflict of Love and Honor is a third bringer of success. Display your Hero passionately devoted to your Heroine and let some outside force, Honor, create a mental battle within his heart, and you have an appealing force as powerful as Robert Browning's unflinching and unfaltering passion. For centuries dramatists subsisted on these Love and Honor themes. Generally their Heroes and Heroines were princes and princesses: but Albert Maltz makes the conflict equally appealing when he disguises them as a miner and his wife in "The Black Pit."

Such a change of dress, naturally, is essential, just as Shakespeare's Capulets and Montagues are transformed into Miss tings themselves.

One of the dramatist's problems is to motivate adequately the coming together of his persons. The Roman playwrights did it by setting every play in a street or a city square. Later, the Elizabethans and their followers chose taverns: later still coffee-houses came in fashion: and later even than that, grand hotels. To obtain seeming novelty demands constant search: "Personal Appearance" and "Post Road" secure it by placing their action in tourists' homes. The entry of extraneous elements—a cinema star whose automobile has broken down or a set of crooks who have chosen this as their hide-away—provides just the contrast that the drama has ever demanded.

For all this utilization of ancient material the playwrights are not to be condemned: but it is good to call these facts to mind lest we imagine the theatre to be something it can never hope to become and ask of the dramatists something they can never hope to attain. We are unjust to a great play if we relate it too intimately to life. The life of the theatre is a thing distinct in itself, with its own rules, its own conventions, and its own interests. If "The Petrified Forest" or "Children's Hour" or "The Black Pit" succeeds it is not because these are excerpts from life or even because they use material from life: it is because they have made use of some of the theatre's oldest stock situations, stock thrills, and stock jests, because they have so adapted or handled their material as to introduce those qualities which generations have recognized as constituting the essentially dramatic. "Hamlet" is a great play precisely because it has kinship with the crudest of melodramas, and "She Stoops to Conquer" is a clever comedy because it has a basis in farce. After all the best jokes are the oldest.

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Allardyce Nicoll, a noted British historian of the drama, is George Pierce Baker's successor as chairman of the department of drama at Yale University.

April of Our Desire

By LOLA RIDGE

IS not this April of our brief desire
That stirs the robins to a twittering
But waste vibration of some vaster spring
That moves the void to utterance? This fire
Once babbled on our hills (that have forgot
Their fiery accents) when the earth was cleft
And flooding in her canyons, raging hot
Ere this intricate, fair design was left.

Long, long before strange creatures overhead
Cast wheeling shadows on the desert wings
Flamed from out the mountains; radiant things
That stood erect upon each blazing rim,
Of horned horizons, shone like seraphim,
And shook the earth with their enormous tread.

An Informal Defense of Queen Victoria

QUEEN VICTORIA. By E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

AS a biographer, Mr. Benson has several outstanding qualities, all of which were won, perhaps, from his long apprenticeship to the novel. He has a remarkable ease of narrative, which makes event follow event with precision and grace; he has the collector's fancy for knowing all the facts, no matter how trivial; he has a quiet humor, quite free from any bitterness of wit, that enjoys gossip for its own sake and savors it as a kind of art in itself; and, most important of all, he has the suavity and gentleness of the born spectator, whom nothing can move very deeply but who understands even the most extraordinary aberrations of conduct without feeling contempt for their authors. These are very great gifts for a biographer, since they lead almost inevitably to the production of books which are rich in entertainment and full of information, books that have charm and vivacity and the polish that marks the elegant drawing-room. If they lack power and compelling prophetic insight, it is because they have the defects of their virtues.

"Queen Victoria" is the unchronological sequence to Mr. Benson's "King which in gaiety and gossip were not inconsiderable. Naturally it covers some of the same ground, but with a difference in perspective and emphasis. It is a good story, told with an agreeable lightness of touch. The characters are all deftly, if superficially, presented, and the minor ones are frequently summed up with great intelligence in a few lines. Stockmar, Lehzen, and John Brown, to mention only a few, are admirably understood, for all the brevity of their treatment. Larger figures, like Palmerston and Disraeli, are less complete since they are seen almost wholly through the eyes of the Queen. It is with his three major characters, however, that Mr. Benson is at his best. To Victoria, Albert, and Edward the informality of his method contrives, by means of acute observations which have the manner of afterthoughts, to give a new familiarity, so that one begins to feel as if one were a regular visitor at Windsor's domestic tea-parties and as if it would be quite usual to ask Bertie for another scone. And this atmosphere he evokes without a trace of that vulgarity which would be inevitable from a hand less skilful.

Mr. Benson has come to admire the calm common sense that eventually grew out of Victoria's early petulance, the grave altruism and self-sacrificing industry of Albert, the geniality and sportsmanship of Edward, and to see in the whole of the trio an essential family solidarity notable for its wise efficiency and respectability, which even Edward's lapses from grace could not seriously mar. His admiration is so sincere and open, and the realism of his scenes so pleasant and homelike, that the most hardened of anti-Victorians could scarcely fail to respond, at least a little, to this mild, non-irritating kind of advocacy. Nor is it poetically unjust that, after the wit and malice of Strachey's brilliant thrusts of fourteen years ago, there should be this smooth and able defense, in a style and manner so unlike Strachey's.

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Our Artificial Muscles

TOOLS OF TOMORROW. By Jonathan Norton Leonard. New York: The Viking Press. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by O. D. MUNN

IN America we have become so accustomed to the plaint of critics of the so-called machine age that it is with no little pleasure that we find in Mr. Leonard's discussion a sane approach to the problem from a philosophical standpoint. In "Tools of Tomorrow" he outlines a complete pattern of science as applied to everyday problems and as they may be applied to the possibly greater problems of the future. And despite the fact that he ignores technological unemployment and the falling birthrate—being uninterested in either of these per se—we discover that all is not well. There is an "if" which runs like a refrain throughout this discussion!

We are likened to the mythical lamasery of Tibet whose monks were presented with a thrilling and fascinating gift by an American explorer as a measure of gratitude for their hospitality. This was a magical book, a Sears Roebuck catalogue! The open sesame to its magic would be a letter to Chicago enclosing cash. The monks, entranced with the idea, immediately began ordering electric refrigerators, lawn mowers, typewriters, and the like. These articles were scattered about the lamasery, used as depositories for sacred writings and as objects of veneration, but possession of them *did not* make the lamasery resemble any more closely an average American small town.

Science has created for the Western world an enormous number of new machines, new materials, conveniences, and methods, but many of these came long before their time and must wait until a niche is found for them. Mr. Leonard concerns himself with a study—and a rather close one at that—of all these artificial muscles which have been created to do man's bidding in mindless fashion. Even so, he considers that the machine is not always mindless, and a review of current scientific literature would bear him out in this, for there are many machines which seem actually to think. The man who does nothing but tighten "nut 13" hour after hour in an automobile factory resembles somewhat the human slave of old, but even he is but an indication of a transition period. Technical advance and further adjustment will, the author thinks, finally eliminate nut 13 entirely.

Applied science offers our modern civilization anything and everything for the asking—if. We have everything we need in great abundance—from fuels and natural resources to the knowledge of how to harness them to meet our needs and fulfil our desires. But, as C. F. Kettering says, "In applying these new facts in the future, we will have to use more intelligence. . . . We must plan for change, for change is our only constant!" That is the sense of the "if" used throughout Mr. Leonard's book: *If* we use our intelligence and *if* we demand the products of technical study and research in sufficient quantities. He believes that technological unemployment will be with us whether we will or no, and dismisses this as of no particular consideration in his study. An intelligent evaluation of our possessions and powers and our old friend "demand" seem to him far more important. In this, we concur, for the future shows undreamed-of possibilities while the standard of living of most of the world is still very low. Intelligence in developing the demand for a higher living standard will assist quickly in solving most of the problems that are now so voraciously pounced upon by dealers in economic nostrums.

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O. D. Munn is the editor of The Scientific American.

Open Sesame to Books

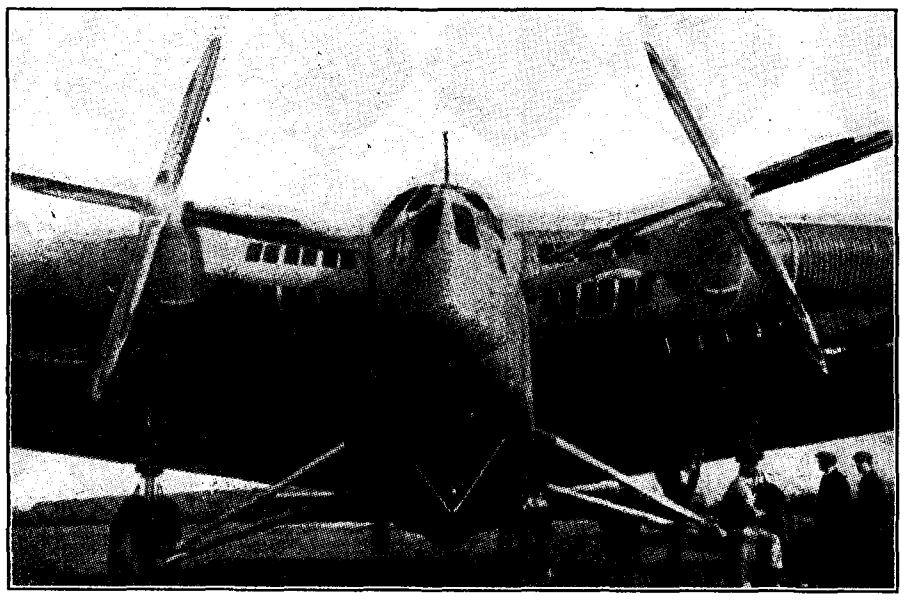
THE ENJOYMENT OF LITERATURE. By Elizabeth Drew. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

AN author who has "grazed the common of literature" and sets out to communicate her delight in books to others can hardly fail to be interesting. Anyone who starts with half a taste for poetry or biography or fiction or drama, for the essay or for criticism, all of them subjects which Miss Drew treats in her discussion, will find in her analysis inspiration to further reading. Anyone, at least, who stands on the threshold of literature and still needs to be guided into its further recesses, for Miss Drew is neither original enough, nor brilliant enough, nor yet sufficiently pungent to engage very deeply the interest of those who have themselves read widely. It is only fair to say, let me hasten to add, that she makes no claim to do so but writes expressly for the unsophisticated. To them she has much to say, and she says it pleasantly, informatively, and with discrimination, better when she writes of poetry and biography than when she is discoursing of fiction, and best of all when she is concerned with gossip.

When she is writing of letters and journals, those unaffected chronicles which catch human nature in undress uniform and present men and women long since dead in their habit as they lived, she most successfully realizes her purpose of rousing her readers to seek acquaintance with the books of which she writes. There is a happy informality to her account of the works of a Dorothy Osborne, a Pepys, or a Charles Lamb, a fortunate selection of illustrative excerpt from their writings, which leaves the reader with a warm sense of having been in contact with fascinating personalities and a resolution to know more of them. Again when she is writing of poetry, Miss Drew is able to distil something of the elusive quality which makes the preëminence of the work she describes.

It is when she is writing of fiction that she is at her weakest. She is condescending to Thackeray, and belittling of Dickens, gives Arnold Bennett surprising rank in relation to them, regards the work of Dos Passos as "of greater significance than that of any other American novelist," and in general is neither penetrating nor subtle in her interpretation of novels. Nevertheless, "The Enjoyment of Literature" is an intelligent and illuminating volume for those who would widen their acquaintance with books.



JUNKERS G-38 WITH ENGINES AND PART OF CABIN SPACE IN WINGS
Reproduced in "Tools of Tomorrow" by courtesy of Aviation *magazine.*

A Royal War Nurse

ORDEAL. THE STORY OF MY LIFE. By Marie, Queen of Rumania. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

THE second volume of Queen Marie's reminiscences—the first ended with her husband's accession to the throne—covers the war years; the little country's decision, in the summer of '16, to plump for the Allies, the disaster which followed, the turn of the tide, and the reentry of Ferdinand and his Queen into Bucharest in November, 1918, at the head of an enlarged Rumania.

The "ordeal" was real enough, however you look at it, but that of the Rumanian people at large we see only indirectly. The greater part of the story is the ordeal of the woman herself, energetic yet helpless, ambitious but frustrated, a queen fighting for her queenliness, burning to help her country, and reduced to the role of a glorified Red Cross worker, dashing furiously from hospital to hospital, day after day and month after month, distributing chocolate and cigarettes.

There is an echo of the comfortable old days when kings were kings in the letters "Missy" sent to "Dear George," her English cousin, ingenuously stating the territorial demands (duly set down for her by Prime Minister Bratianu) which would be more or less the price of Rumania's entry into the war on the side of the Allies. "I am afraid all these geographical explanations must be Chinese to you, but the places *can* be found on a map! . . ." And she recalls with a smile ("for I can always see the humorous side") that in their childhood games in England, "geography had not been George's strong point."

She wrote similarly to her cousin the Czar, and received an answer beginning "My dearest Missy," in which we learn that "Sazonov and I took it for granted than Transylvania and the southern portion of Bukovina would be allotted to Rumania after the dismemberment of Austria-Hungary," and that even more might be done "*provided* Rumania takes an active part at once."

Marie's strong English sympathies undoubtedly played a part in swinging Rumania toward the Allies and her active, sanguine temperament not infrequently stiffened the back of her somewhat passive husband, but there wasn't much place even for the luckiest of sovereigns in such a cataclysm as the World War, still less for those of little Rumania, shut away from her Western allies, with the Central Powers on one side and on the other a crumbling Russia. Even Russian help, when it finally arrived, brought its own grotesque irony, and Marie gives one swift little picture of that tawny horde, tall men in overcoats, "color of the earth," reaching to the ground, singing their tremendous and melancholy choruses—and eating so much that presently, in the breakdown of transport, they were almost more of a worry then the enemy himself!

The Rumanian army was crushed, the Government withdrew to Jassy, and there followed a nightmare time, in the extremity of which there was even a suggestion of cutting a way through the south of Russia to "the still faithful Cossacks." The Queen was for it, "a forlorn hope, fantastic I know, hardly belonging to our days, but honorable, brave, and free! . . . O God, if only I were a man, with a man's rights and the spirit I have in my woman's body! I would fire them to desperate, glorious resistance, *coûte que coûte!*"

Throughout these two terrible years, in between all sorts of conferences with emissaries from the Allies, American Red Cross workers, even foreign newspaper correspondents, with anybody and everybody who seemed to have a helpful suggestion, the Queen kept up her tireless work with "my wounded." Whatever the poor devils of tortured Rumanian peasants may have thought about it, the Queen saw herself, in all sincerity, as their

> Regina Maria, the mother of my people . . . Looking into the eyes of their Queen, they had sworn to stand up like a wall to defend the last scrap of Rumanian territory which was still ours. Many a dying soldier whispered to me with his last breath that it was for me he was fighting, for was I not his home, his mother, his belief, and his hope? . . . My nurse's dress has become to them a symbol. As I moved all white amongst them, their reflectors singling me out, I knew I represented the star of hope. Something which showed the way; a living, existing something every man was ready to live for, die for, because all men need an ideal, something which stands beyond, above the everyday level; I, their Queen!" . . .

Marie was built for such a role—a century or two out of date, perhaps—and for such thoughts, noble or absurd, according to the point of view. She had beauty, vitality, stage sense, the will to rule. She was forty-three just before that triumphal re-entry into the capital.

WITH GENERAL GRIGORESCU DURING THE BATTLE OF MARASESTI
From "Ordeal."

> I'm getting old, which is such a pity, for I have still such a lot to do; a pity also because each year must inevitably take from me something of n[illegible] looks. My people always consid[illegible] pretty, and were proud of m[illegible] *belle Reine.* In a way it was co[illegible] one of my royal duties to please their eye, and yet it is the only duty for which I cannot be held responsible! When I have lost all my good looks they are sure to imagine it is my fault, nor will they pause to think that it will be sadder for me than for them. I have never been specially vain, but my face has been like a friend, and if it changes it will be like living with someone who is a stranger to me, and it will be horrid. . . .

"Poor Cousin Bill! I cannot say I like it!", she wrote a little later, when the news came of Kaiser Wilhelm's abdication. She had wanted him beaten, but not destroyed. "Abdication—it hurts me somehow. A country should stand and fall with its ruler, its King, a father with his family." She was a real woman, ingenuous in some ways, but direct, warm, likable—and possibly as real a Queen as there could be in days like these.

A German Autobiography

(*Continued from first page*)

from close quarters, its outstanding events and active figures, are much more shadowy and impersonal than the figures and events of her childhood and of the *Wandervogel* movement. It is difficult to give the colors of life to something already doomed to defeat.

Miss Linke's autobiography makes good reading for anyone who wishes to understand how the aftermath of the war was reflected in the generation which grew up in Germany and what it is that has made National Socialism a success.

Miss Linke has now left the Germany of Adolf Hitler and lives in England. She is still very young. Her autobiography shows her strong, lively, unafraid, open-minded. There are many good causes left to fight for, if one is a woman who "believes in a masterful spirit, knowledge, understanding, and justice." We wish her the best of luck.

⁂ ⁂

Rosie Graefenberg in her recently published "Prelude to the Past" depicted a girlhood and young womanhood spent in the Germany of the immediately pre-war and later years.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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A Library for Cliff Dwellers

Garden books drop on our shelves daily in this hesitating month of April, but they are all for suburbanites or country dwellers. The highly mechanized American city has burst out at the creases of its skyscrapers into gardens of its own, and no one is writing books about them. It is one of the few subjects now remaining upon which some one has not written a book giving advice.

The penthouse garden is something new in geography. Whether in high-skied New York or east-winded Boston or lake-margined Chicago or hot and rainy Philadelphia, it is not to be regarded as part of the adjacent soil, but has a climate of its own, and such earth as the owner is able to procure for it. Hazards beset it. A toppling flower pot may turn into shrapnel and puncture the roof of a taxi two hundred feet below; a dropped trowel becomes a projectile likely to bring on a law suit. The playful wind which shakes the hard-won daffodils may land a quart of treasured loam in someone's living room a storey below. Dead plants go not to the mould heap but down the elevator to the ash cans. The enthusiastic digger doubles his toil, for he must first dig out upon the tiled floor and then back again into some receptacle, or risk stopping the drains for thirteen stories under him.

And the climate, whatever the longitude, is semi-arid. Even in gently rolling New York, it is the climate of a mountain chain over which the wind sweeps and on which the sun beats with rigor. Lucky the penthouse gardener who does not find his precious plants some morning swept like tumble-weeds into a cleft of his mountain-terrace.

Cypresses hold up their gentle fingers for moisture and die, even with water at their roots. The tough arbor vitæ stretches its palms into the too often smoke laden air and slowly withers to bronze. But the little mugho pines, bred in an arid South, shake in the constant winds and keep their dark jade green fast as they have for centuries on the slopes of the Mediterranean mountains.

No ordinary stimulus suffices for the city-dwelling flowers of these peaks. The primrose yellows even though dosed with plant food. Azaleas, having the adaptability of the Oriental, stand anything but freezing and ask only mulch and water; but to see what can be done with a hardy plant, apply raw ammonia to the morning glory in about the same strength and quantity as the cocktails fed to city brokers, and see how they grow. The chrysanthemum, too, is a tough guy that takes city dirt out of the air and likes it.

May we suggest also a pent-house ornithology? One long chapter should be on pigeons, both wild and tame. The wild ones are not descendants of those famous flocks that once broke down the trees of American forests, but escapes from the numerous cotes that every pent-house dweller looks down upon. What distinguishes them is their capacity for year-long amorousness, another instance of the nervous stimulation of city life. It is a sluggish day indeed when store clerks and male pigeons are not ruffling their wing feathers at their lady friends on the pavements below or the cornices above. Our cities are not all mechanical yet.

The tame pigeons deserve a book in themselves. Beautiful creatures, bred either for squabs or racing, they spend their lives dodging the long pole with a rag on it of their custodian, who spends his life keeping them on the wing, lest they get too fat for racing or too lazy to lay eggs, one does not know which. But ever again the flock soars upward past the cliff walls and over the pent-houses until they flash in the high sun. And once in a blue moon a darker flash follows when like a tiny plane diving from the empyrean a duck hawk falls from his perch on high and bursts the flock asunder.

Or was it a duck hawk? We pent-house dwellers need an ornithology, which would specialize also in female warblers who perch in the mugho pines and look like all the female warblers, and stray juncos, and the habits of those waterfront bums the starlings, and the tough sparrow, and most of all the strange bird cries heard overhead at night when the weather rushes over our mountain terrace carrying migrants with it to the north.

"HELLO, DARLING, I JUST SAW SOMEBODY BUY MY BOOK, AND I DON'T KNOW HER FROM ADAM!"

Letters to the Editor: *Some Personal Tributes to Edwin Arlington Robinson*

"Final and Inclusive"

SIR:—Those of us who loved Mr. Robinson did so responsively to a human sympathy in him more comprehensive than we found elsewhere. Not only by choice but also by manual and social ineptitude his great vitality was diverted early from conventional gestures of body and mind, and his imaginative or spiritual growth was therefore uniquely concentrated. Hence came the poetry, and hence came that enveloping human sympathy on which we depended.

As part of his ineptitude, Mr. Robinson suffered an almost pathological timidity of the world. Incapable of growing a "shell," he confronted strangers in quivering and tortured silence; then, if the stranger endured this "coldness" (!) a little while, suddenly the deep brown eyes that had avoided him before were full on him without self-consciousness. Nothing was said. The stranger knew he was accepted, and both he and the eyes were at ease thereafter. Then, as friendship progressed, Mr. Robinson's understanding became uncanny, expanding until it enclosed the world of the person before him. But always with deference. One of the most passionately objective imaginations that ever lived, he was as afraid of intruding on a friend as he was afraid of being himself intruded upon.

His telepathy was remarkably acute, and silence was frequently his medium of communication. I remember one occasion when, after we had been silent for several minutes, he broke in with an answer to a question I was forming in my mind, a question that had only the remotest relation to the last topic we had discussed. I remember another occasion when I rushed up to his room in the throes of a difficult personal dilemma which I had not before discussed with him. He was in his suspenders as I came in. He rose and no word passed between us as he stood looking down at me through a calming moment. Then he told me the solution of my problem, his voice and body trembling with the emotion of his understanding and his conviction.

Altogether there was something final and inclusive in his presence. It was like the early dawns I remember in the small town where I was a boy. I came out on the still street, and every familiar hedge and tree and lawn stood distinct and important, to the limits of my then horizon. Also there were great houses standing in the twilight, with people asleep in them. In the whole world I alone was awake, and I knew everything. Mr. Robinson's presence made his friends feel like that. Everything was very integral and clear and quiet.

His timid and indirect approach was reflected in the circumlocutions of his earlier narrative manner, and in other important qualities of his style. In the circumlocution he approached his characters in the story as he approached them in life. He glanced at them timidly here and there to see where he could pierce their armor, then, perceiving their humanity, he looked squarely at them, and they lived. This walking-around method has been called a fault by the professionally simple and sensuous. If it is a fault it is a petty one. The more important obscurities of Mr. Robinson are not even suspected by the boy-critics who have risen to plume themselves by detracting from him. His real subtleties demand many readings, when they unfold as understanding used to unfold with the man's friendship. His longer poems move on different parallel planes like the "Bhagavad-Gita"; you understand what you are qualified to understand, and of the rest you have no suspicion. For a poem of middle length "Merlin" has only "Hamlet" for rival in English. After a dozen readings or so it now gives me the feeling I mentioned before, the sense of the dawn of the world. Always something new appears, and it is not likely that I shall ever read it all.

It was Mr. Robinson's seemingly universal comprehensiveness that chiefly bound his friends to him. In this short sketch there is room for no more than mention of some of his other qualities: the impregnable personal philosophy that emerged from his worldly failure during the first two-thirds of his life; the humor that stayed with him to his last articulate moment; the delicate sympathy with women that came from experience at first more intense than that of other men, and in the end more utter in renunciation, and more complete in sublimation; the quiet strength that gave up an alcoholic habit of many years. And over these deeper qualities there played all the absurd and endearing and annoying foibles that will eventually be told.

But ultimately there was that in Mr. Robinson that none of us will ever really know. We felt the *effects* of what he was. We indulged ourselves in the warmth of it. But we never saw it. His poem "Flammonde" expressed perhaps an intuition, or an aspiration; for he became Flammonde not only to us personally but through his poetry to the world; Flammonde, the all-seeing, the "myriad-minded," as no other poet in English, except Chaucer and Shakespeare, had been before him.

CHARD POWERS SMITH.

New York City.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

APRIL 7, 1935

Dreamlands vain or the coasts of Maine
alike are under the pall,
And the music is stilled that should have
filled our souls with festival.
His neck was not bent to the ten per cent
we strive for one and all,
The thing he sought was not to be bought
in the common carnival.
He was calm and clear and cavalier, noble
and strong and tall;
He labored greatly and still and stately
has left us beyond recall.
O "bitter perfume"! But the iris will
bloom under the grey stone wall,
Though the man be dead who might have
said what never was said at all.

LEONARD BACON.

"Tilbury Town"

SIR:—The passing of Edwin Arlington Robinson recalls very vividly to my mind an afternoon spent in "Tilbury Town" almost ten years ago, before "Tristram" and the author's subsequent popularity.

When I got off the train, I looked first for a bookstore as the natural source of information. Failing in that quarter, I went back to a newspaper office I had noticed on the way from the station. It was probably the editor and proprietor himself who looked up pleasantly from the proof he was reading, shoved back his eyeshade, and gave consideration to my evidently unusual question, "Can you tell me where E. A. Robinson, the poet, used to live in this town?" After a pause he was pretty sure he knew; and calling to "Ed," who was in the back room setting type, he was confirmed in his recollection that the Robinsons used to live in the So-and-so place. Directions were easy—through the park, past the Soldiers' memorial, and on to a certain corner.

As I walked around that corner, taking in the typically New England two-story white house with the barn attached, a friendly old woman came from across the way and wished me "Good afternoon" with such an inflection as to ask my business. I satisfied her curiosity (or allayed her suspicions), I trust, with the simple inquiry as to whether E. A. Robinson, the poet, used to live there. "Oh, yes," she said, bringing it up from a rather distant past, "*this is the old Robinson place.*" And to make certain—"Now which one of those boys did you say turned out to be a poet?" I gave his full name, and she remembered it. He had come back two years before, she told me, and "Mrs. So-and-so let him go all through the house!"

ESTHER VINSON.

Madison, Wis.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

GREY GRANITE. By LEWIS GRASSIC GIBBON. *Doubleday, Doran.* The last of a trilogy but a novel of Scottish life complete in itself.

TOOLS OF TOMORROW. By JONATHAN NORTON LEONARD. *Viking.* An account of things known to science today that portend changes for tomorrow.

QUEEN VICTORIA. By E. F. BENSON. *Longmans, Green.* A lively biography full of incident and anecdote.

This Less Recent Book:

ROMAN DAYS. By PERCY LUBBOCK. *Scribner's.* Charming vignettes of Rome.

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Giving Economics a Shot of Psychology

WORLD POLITICS AND PERSONAL INSECURITY. By Harold D. Lasswell. New York: Whittlesey House. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. G. CATLIN

POLITICS is present history. To discover some uniformities, some rhyme and rhythm, in the process has always been a curious interest of humanity. Today, when the talk is of a planned civilization, it becomes an instant need. Two recent books illustrate different methods of approach to this problem. Professor Toynbee has given us three volumes, and promises us a dozen, of "A Study of History," in which, from the amassment of facts, some kind of pattern is to appear. It may be that it is not Professor Toynbee's intention to contribute to a science, but it is questionable whether he has reflected that every science is a science of the abstract, and not of the concrete. Professor Lasswell, taking up suggestions offered long ago by Bryce, Bosanquet, and Max Eastman, frankly takes his hypotheses from the field of psychology, and especially of psychoanalysis, and uses these as instruments for the interpretation of political relations. The result is, not only the most significant book that has appeared in political theory for the last five years, but a testimony of work in progress, from that Chicago group, including Professor Merriam and T. V. Smith, that is beyond question making the most interesting and potentially important contribution to political theory in our generation. Briefly, Lasswell's hope is that a science of politics may be sired by Marx or Freud.

Professor Alfred Zimmern once wrote that the war had made most political theory, written prior to it, obsolete. If the Chicago school is successful in its attempt, in a far profounder sense all earlier political theory will retain only that value that appertains to the writings of any intelligent layman. It alone takes the phrase "political science" seriously. It alone insists that politics is a quantitative study. Professor Lasswell is at each point prepared to test his psychological hypotheses by quantitative surveys. He takes a malicious joy in dumbfounding the presumptuous outsider by employing a jargon of his own; but behind it moves a mind endowed with rare sense of humor. The application of his technique is sometimes brash and premature—but the technique itself, if it can stand the strain of further tests than that of this pioneer volume, is of revolutionary significance.

To begin with, if Lasswell is right, Marx is wrong—not in the sense that Marx is "exposed," but in the sense that the Marxist analysis is subsumed under an analysis more fundamental and realistic. Further, no intermediary study between this and Marx is of the same theoretical importance. That is a big claim. It will be for the future work of Professor Lasswell, rather than for the present small volume, to sustain this claim that the power-theory of politics can effectively replace the analysis in terms of dialectical materialism. Professor Lasswell's own definition of politics as "the study of the changing value hierarchy, the pyramids, safety, income, and deference," seems to me too haphazard. Income is itself but an aspect of safety and security. It is, however, a bull's-eye hit that personal insecurity is the first political problem in this new world of violence and of unemployment, cyclical and technological. Lasswell here inquires how men achieve the power, whether by violence or otherwise, that guarantees for them security.

Again, in the section on control, Professor Lasswell's frankly Platonic quest for a myth which will induce men to accept a world-state at the hands of what Aldous Huxley would call the "world-controllers," coruscates with suggestions, ranging from world-law to world-post-age-stamps. It is yet rather a *tour de force* than logically connected with the power theory. The fact remains that much water has gone under the bridge since "Das Kapital" was published; that Mr. Lasswell has netted together our new psychological and statistical knowledge; and that he may make something out of it that will make Marxism appear *vieux jeu*. It is a striking attempt to bring in the new world of psychology to redress the old balance of economics. It will be recognized as an epoch-making book by those who are acquainted with the literature of the subject, and who are not committed to what Mr. Lasswell maliciously calls the "warfare of the universities on truth."

* *

George E. G. Catlin, who has been prominently connected with various political and social movements in his native England, has recently been in this country delivering a course in political science at Cornell University.

The Russian Lincoln

(Continued from first page)

grew, and asserted themselves. Alexander was killed as he was contemplating a new step forward, he was on the point of giving Russia a representative form of government. But the attitude of the radical element toward his life work called forth the reaction which characterized the last two reigns.

TSAR ALEXANDER II

Certain groups of Russian society, particularly this radical element, reacted in a peculiar way to reform from above. In their minds liberal reform consolidated the throne and therefore had to be frustrated as detrimental to the ultimate goal which was revolution at any cost. That same mentality made the public welcome national disasters and defeats: as they could be hoped to hasten or bring on the desired overthrow of the regime, they were also good material for anti-governmental propaganda in the country as well as abroad. This irresponsible attitude spread from the radical elements to the public in general until it became prevalent amongst the intelligentzia; it attracted the sympathetic attention of the outside world and created a very false idea of the principles of Russian statesmanship. Liberal reforms, therefore, found support neither from the right nor from the left.

Among many things Mr. Graham calls attention to this curious manifestation of the Russian mentality as he does to other turns and twists in the Russian psychology. His book is packed with shrewd and penetrating comments which are not always complimentary to the Russian character, a character of which he seems to have a surprising knowledge. His work is the result of much study and thought; it is a true and wise analysis of Russia's political situation at the moment, of the requirements of that situation, of her interior conflicts, and of the Russian background and conditions in general.

Mr. Graham's volume, moreover, is entirely free of prejudice. Although aware of the weak points in Alexander's nature and reign he finds an explanation for them, judging both him and events from the point of view of causes and effects rather than from the biased opinions formed by one class or group of society which it was long the fashion to take for granted.

I am profoundly grateful to Mr. Graham for this book on my grandfather which adds to the pride that I have always felt in him as a great character and the servant and victim of his people.

Both Hare and Hound

VIDOCQ: The Personal Memoirs of the First Great Detective. Edited and Translated by Edwin Gile Rich. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

WITH natural excitement one makes the acquaintance of the great Vidocq, who has been a legend for more than a century. The first of modern sleuths, the Father of the Detective Story, the original of Gaboriau's Lecoq, low-life source material for Victor Hugo, Balzac, Dickens, Poe, Conan Doyle, his famous memoirs are now accessible in Mr. Rich's new edition; what Stevenson would have called a shorter cataclysm. And the most interesting thing is to see how little Vidocq's borrowers used of his rich material. A suggestion of his character, his arts of mimicry or disguise, his perfected skill at double-crossing his knave companions, but that is all. The great writers had to contribute the one essential thing, the art of narrative. Of that our Vidocq, or whoever wrote the memoirs, had little enough. This is grand anecdote, a panorama of vivid rascality, but the telling is dense, constipated with detail. Is this partly due, one wonders, to the abbreviation from the four volumes of the original? M. Vidocq knew all the tricks of cutthroats and *cambrioleurs,* but the skill of fiction was unknown to him.

The tone of the memoirs, crowded with odd minutiae of human misery, seems to reinforce Mr. Rich's contention that the old book is genuine and not (as many have supposed) a fabrication. Both in his account of his early life as libertine and crook, and in the series of exploits as head of the detective bureau of the Sûreté, Vidocq shows the same frank satisfaction in the feet of clay. Born at Arras in 1775 he grew up in the social tornado of the great revolution; he was a born rascal from the first and was stealing from the till of his father by the time he was thirteen. His education in every kind of ruffianism proceeded apace. It is interesting to note that even in the disturbances of the time he could not permanently elude the law. He was sentenced to the hulks, from which he escaped, and bartered his intimate knowledge of the ways of crime for a job with the police. His subsequent enormous success as a defender of society was due to his experience as its pillager. He was the Stool Pigeon supreme, and the most astonishing thing in his weird career was that he lived so long. We note however that after the first publication of the *Memoirs* he moved to retirement in Brussels, where he died in 1857. Paris, I guess, was hardly safe for a man who had so skilfully run with both hare and hounds.

It doesn't really matter, as Mr. Rich suggests, whether Vidocq wrote the *Memoirs* himself. Whoever wrote them gives a convincing picture of a man of great intelligence and humor; he gives extraordinary thumbnail sketches of a society in mortal ferment, and he has learned by tragic experience of his own, a considerable kindness for the poor devils he pursues.

As Mr. Rich points out, Vidocq's melodramatic career resulted in his becoming something of a philanthropic criminologist. He was keenly impressed with the necessity for the law-breaker to find his way back into respectable employment; leaving the police service in 1827 he started a paper-mill, all the workmen in which were ex-convicts. The experiment did not succeed and he was anxious to return to the Sûreté. To prove their need of him, he planned a reckless robbery by collusion, but was caught by the detectives he himself had trained. What a plot for the theatre!

London Waterfront

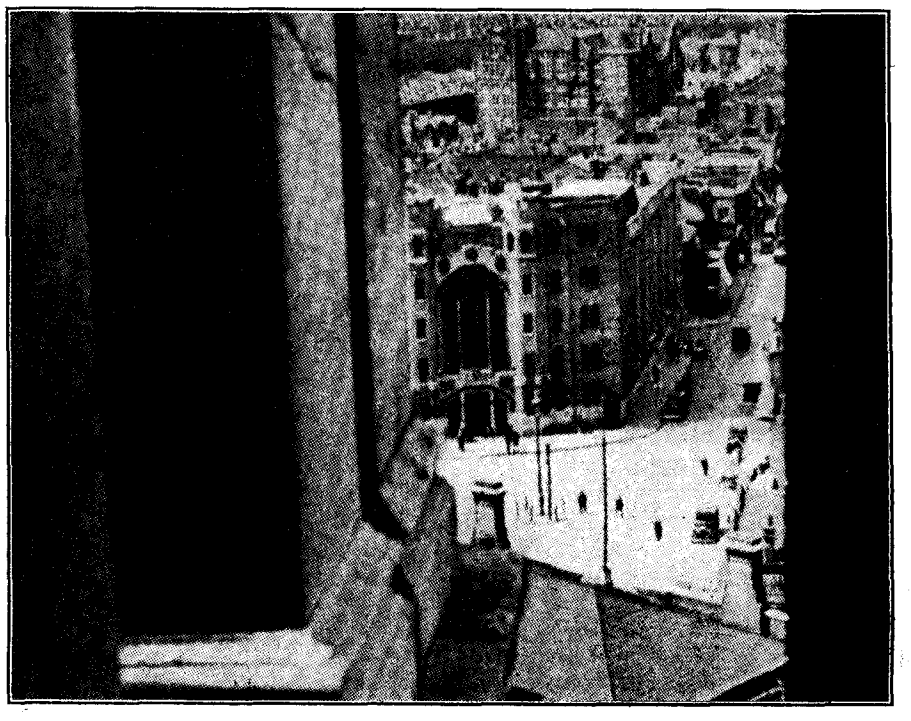
BELOW LONDON BRIDGE. By H. M. Tomlinson. Illustrated with Photographs by H. Charles Tomlinson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by DAVID W. BONE

FALLING down with the tide from London Bridge the observer in a ship has a matchless panorama of seafaring interest unrolled before his eyes ere Gravesend and the sea reaches open out to a wider horizon. Mr. Tomlinson has made these scenes his own and has written finely of them in "London River" and in the opening chapters of "Gallions Reach." Indeed, the reader cannot but obtain a glimpse of old Father Thames, somewhere, sometime, in practically everything Mr. Tomlinson has written. In "Below London Bridge," he has the observer ashore with him to visit dockland and the historic littoral of the great river. And he has brought along son Charles with an efficient camera to make the record pictorially complete.

Mr. Tomlinson's bearings are exact and one could not wish for a better pilot in regions that he has made so much his own. You will not find him a blan[illegible] rone, content to say that here wa[illegible] cution Dock where pirates were h[illegible] chains until three tides had rolle[illegible] them, or that Christopher Jones, master of the Mayflower, lies buried in the parish church of St. Mary at Rotherhithe. That, certainly, he does say, does write, but the spirit of the place is captured in his words just as Pilot Munoz brought Columbus to the deck of the *Newport.* He will point you the Shipping Office on Tower Hill . . . but in such a way that you will know it as the beginning of far adventure to the seamen who sign ships' articles there.

In ten brief chapters which introduce the five photographs (each chapter a print-kindly little essay penetrated with unique richness of feeling), Mr. Tomlinson studies the look and spirit of the shipping parishes. No pen can more simply evoke their strange blend of Man, Place, and Memory; the arts of handicraft against the mists of Past—and Future. The ancient river itself pauses in the reader's mind. "Sweet Thames runne softly. . . ."



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE TOWER OF ST. ANNE'S, LIMEHOUSE
Photograph by H. Charles Tomlinson, from "Below London Bridge."

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The Bowling Green

RUBAIYAT OF ACCOUNT OVERDUE

(Written at the Request of an Anxious Bookseller)

AWAKE! Depression with its long long blight
Has blown my business higher than a kite
And lo, the First Day of the Month has caught
Me bending, and this letter I indite.

Oh Bibliophile, if thou canst not aspire
To pay this overdue account entire
Then break it into little bits, and send
At least some portion, for my need is dire.

Think, in this battered caravanserai
Of books, I also have my bills to pay:
I sometimes fear that never dipped so red
The ink, as where there sits my C. P. A.

Then, my belovèd, write the check that clears
That old outstanding purchase of last year's—
Before my stock and fixtures and good-will
Themselves are hurried to the auctioneers.

I know that cash is scarce as scarce can be,
Collections slow—you think you're telling *me?*
But come in anyhow; let's talk; besides
I've got a Beerbohm First you ought to see!

* *

The other day I mentioned *The Diary of a Nobody* by George and Weedon Grossmith, a trifle of most endearing humor—certainly not merely 'satiric' as booksellers sometimes describe it, for it enters with understanding pathos into the small joys and struggling gentilities of a middle-aged cockney clerk. I name it again because to my pleasure I see that the alert Edgar Wells (602 Madison Avenue) lists it in his current catalogue as "a very much neglected book." It belongs on the shelf beside the *Happy Thoughts* of F. C. Burnand, to whom it was dedicated. Weedon Grossmith's delightful illustrations are a large part of the book's charm; its mood is that of which the best present exemplar is Mr. Webster's Timid Soul cartoons.

Apropos catalogues, the sagacious Mr. Winterich (in the *Saturday Review* of April 6) spoke of the author of a recent rather scatterbrained book as "a catalogue-built collector." It is a perilous way of accumulating the data and divinations of print. I know of no better example of the errors it begets than this: the author of that volume, misled by something he saw in some catalogue or circular, mentions as a desirable collectors' item a work that never was published at all. It was abandoned in galley proof. I know, because I was one of the authors; and shall not tell you what the writing was. But never, my dear, base your bibliographic data upon anything but an actual examination of the book itself. Catalogues have their most valuable merits, but the bookseller's passionate will to believe must always be ratified against personal knowledge.

A salient instance of the temperamental zigzag of book "values" comes under my eye as I write. Here are two catalogues that arrive simultaneously from two highly responsible dealers. One lists *The Innocents Abroad* of 1869 at $75, the other at $2. Both are first editions; one is "a fine copy," the other "has been somewhat trimmed in rebinding."

I was also pleased to see in Edgar Wells's catalogue Edmund Gosse's two volumes of the poems of T. L. Beddoes. A later edition (which I think of privately as my Twin Beddoes) came to my desk lately, the gift of a generous Beddoesian from Honolulu who was shocked to learn that I know nothing more of him than the few songs usually printed in anthologies. It seems to me pleasant that my own copy, which Linda Castle found in a bookshop in San Francisco, comes bringing association of the Pacific—an ocean whose shores and islands would have brought happiness to that tragic poet. If Beddoes is only a name to you, look him up in the Oxford Book of English Verse—

> If there were dreams to sell,
> Merry and sad to tell,
> And the crier rang the bell,
> What would you buy?

Which, incidentally, would be a tentacular motto for a bookshop.

Beddoes committed suicide. I have often thought that an interesting study could be written of the conditions and temperaments of poets' lives that have led many

FROM A LIBRARY COPY OF "THE STEAM HOUSE"

of them to seize the abhorred shears. That title—*On the Suicide of Poets*—was one of a list of possible books I was compiling the other day. I projected the first announcement of an imaginary publishing house (Foresight and Company). It would begin by saying that they believed there was a great deal more fun in the book business than most publishers or booksellers are actually having. To avoid overhead they would employ no travelers; to avoid bores the address of their office would never be divulged. All business would be conducted by telephone, or by correspondence to a Post Office Box. Every publisher has fairy-tale freaks of this sort that amuse his leisure: the astute young dreamers of Farrar & Rinehart, for instance, conduct in conversation an entirely imaginary subsidiary press whose motto and titles I dare not quote. Foresight and Company would be, for the most part, more seemly. Among their list of fancies I find these—can you guess what sort of books they would be?

A History of Human Bashfulness
Broken English (a primer of composition, which I intend to do myself)
Two Way Stretch
When Wilt Thou Blow?
A Dissertation on Hot Dog
Taking a Hack (a history of book reviewing in the U. S.?)
The Life of Leotard
Boston Assurance (an essay on the instinct of certitude in Massachusetts)
On the Alkaline Side
Hysteron Proteron (a study of the malefic influences of journalistic hysteria, giving a henna rinse or a permanent wave to public opinion)
An Anthology of Christmas Cards
Asti Spumante (poems, probably?)
Five Fingers (a history of social eccentricity in Upstate New York)
A Counterblast to Cocktails
Jambolai (a Creole olio)
Memoirs of a Silverfish (a book about book-collecting)
Hold Onto Your Hats

There were more and worse; but enough.

* *

The study of catalogues, however, accompanied by one's own personal meditations, may lead almost anywhere. Here is Barnet B. Ruder (20 East 49 St.) who introduces his pamphlet of *Memorable Books in a Changing World* with a preface by Professor Louis Cazamian of the University of Paris. "We all agree now," says Professor Cazamian, "that literature must be viewed as the direct expression of a nation's mental life. Tastes and sensibilities, the likes and dislikes of men, somehow vary in broad mass movements, and are bent one way or another by the genius of the time." And this takes us by immediate suggestion to the idea recently introduced in Congress: a resolution for the establishment of a new executive department, with a minister sitting in the Cabinet. This department, as outlined in the resolution, is to be named for Science, Art, and Literature. There should, of course, be an official Ministry of Fine Arts; it is unfortunate perhaps that the sponsorship thereof should have fallen to Congressman Sirovich whose forensic prose is unique even in that body of porous thinkers. This is an interesting instance of Don Marquis's saying that an idea must not be held responsible for the people who believe in it. Although quite open-minded toward the scheme, I want in cheerful malice to preserve some of Mr. Sirovich's whereases as examples of how an undersecretary of the arts must not write. I quote excerpts direct from House Joint Resolution 220, March 18, 1935:—

> Whereas American cultural development has reached such a dignified and stable stage . . . . and whereas in the opinion of the best-informed men and women of the United States of America "man shall not live by bread alone" . . . . whereas literature in America has ceased to be the exclusive vocation of a self-chosen select few . . . . whereas radio has become the handmaiden in modern days of the muse of music . . . . whereas the limitations of the olden stage have been removed by the motion picture, accompanied by sonancy, and the genius of dramatic authors and writers is no longer pent up in the Utica of confination to small stages and auditoriums . . . . and instead of fustian and buckram the backgrounds of film dramas are as realistic as if they were the actual scenes . . . . and whereas there is now no single department of the Government dealing wholly with science, the beaux arts, and the arts utile . . . . That such Department when created shall be provided with a suitable building, preferably on Capitol Hill, to balance the new building of the Supreme Court. . . .

Well, I wonder. I really do, seriously, wonder. It's a pity, perhaps, that an interesting idea was expressed with so much "sonancy." (Coming from New York, Mr. Sirovich will probably receive protests for his apparent slur on Utica.)—The Muses are tender babes, easily overlain by Academies, Cabinets, Supreme Courts, and all the heavy breathers of Capitol Hill. Didn't I see a note in the papers that even the Dionne babies have had to be denied to sightseers? Philoprogenitive Canadians peering through the windows made the infants nervous.

And that brings me to where I meant to begin—books for children. When I was in Baltimore a few weeks ago I persuaded Mr. Joseph L. Wheeler of the Enoch Pratt Free Library to give me one of the Enoch Pratt's copies of Jules Verne's *The Steam House,* on condition that I would replace it with another. For it was an Enoch Pratt copy that I first read, and those grand pictures of the amphibious steam caravan (made in the likeness of an elephant pulling two pagodas-on-wheels) had lingered with me all these years. If you want to know my idea of an association-copy, this is it, carrying the perforated stamp of the Enoch Pratt, the borrowers' card in an envelope pasted in the back, and the dates of its outs and ins. (Also an autograph inscription from Mr. Wheeler testifying that the book is honestly mine.) Of course it isn't actually one of the copies that I myself read as a child, for those old volumes were worn out long ago; this is a replacement copy. But it's as near as I can come to the book I pored over in that stuffy old reading-room upstairs on Mulberry Street—now itself replaced by the beautiful new building.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Twin Parables

HERITAGE. By George Hummel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by DOROTHEA PERKINS

THE theme of "Heritage" is the impact of an immigrant German family upon a tight, self-contained little Long Island community of the mid-nineteenth century. The author is writing of his own background, and his work has the hall-mark of authenticity. It is a book that should not be thumbed through casually, for it has wide sociological implications that demand careful attention. The story follows the amazing development of the twin sons of a German butcher and the sharp divergence of their personalities under the accidents of circumstance and temperament. The bitter rivalry, the quarrels culminating in irremediable hatred, are brilliantly planned and strikingly dramatized. George and Henry Weller become twin parables of American evolution. The author has pitted the practical scientist wresting fortune out of his environment against the creative critic revolting against that environment. The book gathers prophetic momentum as it unrolls to the twentieth century vistas of its conclusion.

Although the scene rarely shifts from the family circle, "Heritage" is really a historical novel. The author has dwelt upon the details of life in the town of Norwold on Peconic Bay down the course of fifty years with the zest of a chronicler. This method has broadened the sociological scope of the novel but has diminished its potentialities as a human drama. One never really gets inside the strange and brilliant characters of the two sons, and one feels cheated out of the novel-reader's precious right to probe and analyze the depths of personality. "Heritage" is a vivid portrait of a very real family group, but its figures look a little stiff and wooden upon the canvas.

THE GAME OF "GRAND MOGUL" (*Diary of a Nobody*)

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Tracking Down Homo Sapiens

(These four reviews of anthropological and ethnological books of varying importance indicate how markedly these relatively new sciences have come to influence our thinking. The very use of the term "morality" in its old dogmatic sense is exploded by Miss Benedict's book. Mr. Vestal prepares the material for rewriting American border history. Mr. Gregory praises a scientist who does not judge a primitive craftsmanship until he can imitate it. Here is a field of science, where, as Mr. Cline suggests, it is really difficult to be dull.—The Editor.)

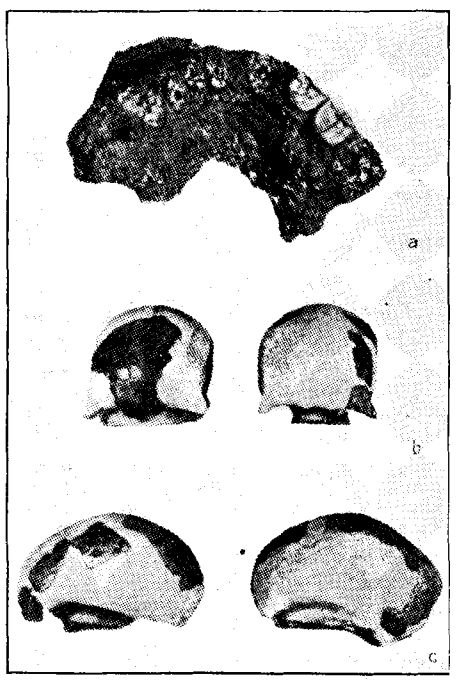
Clues to Man's Ancestry

ADAM'S ANCESTORS. By L. S. B. Leakey. New York: Longmans, Green & Company. $3.20.

Reviewed by WILLIAM K. GREGORY

IN the realm of anthropology *Homo sapiens* has long been an orphan of questionable lineage, as the famous Javan, Neanderthal, Heidelberg, and Peking fossil hominids are usually regarded as great-great uncles rather than direct ancestors of the existing races of mankind. The author of this book, who has become internationally famous through his archæological discoveries in East Africa, has at last unearthed a putative ancestor of *Homo sapiens;* but this claimant, being of African origin and dubious color, is not likely to be received in America with general enthusiasm, either north or south of Mason's and Dixon's Line. Nevertheless the anthropologists of the world assembled last August in London were glad to pay homage to these relics, which are at present enshrined at the Royal College of Surgeons.

These precious fossils were excavated from two different geological horizons near Oldoway on the southern shore of the Kavirondo Gulf of Lake Victoria. The older of the two was found *in situ* at a place called Kanam in March, 1932; it is



"PRECIOUS FOSSILS"
The Kanam Mandible Fragment (above) and the Kanjera skulls. From "Adam's Ancestors."

from a formation that has yielded extinct deinotheres and other fossil mammals. Doctor Leakey considers that it is of about the same age as some of the oldest cultural remains in England. Notwithstanding its great age, he regards it as ancestral to *Homo sapiens* because it is much more advanced, less ape-like in certain details, than were the jaws of the fossil men of Heidelberg, Neanderthal, and Peiping. The Kanam mandible represents in his opinion the oldest yet discovered true ancestor of modern man.

Near to Kanam is another locality, Kanjera, where Doctor Leakey has excavated fragments of still another human skull in undisturbed strata. Unlike the Neanderthal man, this Kanjera man had no transverse ridge above his eyes but a smoothly rounded forehead like typical individuals of *Homo sapiens.* From a study of the associated fossil animals and the associated flint implements, which resemble those of the Chellean culture of Europe, and from the careful examination of all the geological evidence, it appears that these Kanjera men belong to a period approximately equal to the closing stages of the Mindel glacial stage of Europe; that is to say, they belong to what is called Lower Pleistocene by European geologists, or Middle Pleistocene by Doctor Leakey.

The same spirit of self-reliance and individuality has also led the author to struggle at first hand with the old problems of the flint makers; it was not until he himself could make tolerably close duplicates of the principal types of flints that he presumed to say exactly how particular kinds of flints were fashioned or to distinguish between true artefacts and the deceptive pseudo-eoliths produced by various accidents of nature. The sections that treat of the arts of flint-making and the classification and sequence of the corresponding flint-making cultures are thus undoubtedly the best, as they are also the fullest, in the book and they have deserved the high praise bestowed upon the volume by Sir F. Gowland Hopkins, President of the Royal Society.

⁂

William K. Gregory is a member of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History.

Morals and Attitudes

PATTERNS OF CULTURE. By Ruth Benedict. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALEXANDER GOLDENWEISER

BY overstepping the accustomed boundaries of his subject, the anthropologist, like other specialists, becomes at times exciting. Ruth Benedict's recent book belongs distinctly to this small but welcome category. The concrete substance of the volume comprises three meaty chapters on the Pueblos of New Mexico (the Zuñi especially), the Dobu of northwestern Melanesia, and the Kwakiutl of the northwest coast of America. The chapters, though concise, are sufficiently detailed to substantiate the author's thesis as to the characteristic orientation of the three cultures: the restrained formalism of the Zuñi, the feast-giving profligacy of the Kwakiutl, the equally orgiastic magical beliefs and practices of the Dobu. In each case the prevailing "pattern" is traced through many to us wholly unrelated aspects of the culture. As a first attempt at classification, the author suggests the term "Apollonian" for the culture of the Zuñi, "Dionysian" for those of the Dobu and Kwakiutl (*vide* Spengler). Whether the multiplication of studies such as Dr. Benedict's will justify this "hunch" remains to be seen. This, however, is relatively unimportant. What counts is the new slant given to the study of cultural configuration. Once a pattern of life or attitude becomes entrenched in a culture, it may continue to transmute and assimilate to itself almost any cultural aspect. Or, again, it may remain more narrowly localized in a few aspects, or even in one alone. Thus some cultures will be found successfully reduced to a common denominator, others less markedly so. In any case, a most careful and sympathetic approach to a culture is essential in order that its characteristic orientation may be revealed.

The author's study contains another pregnant suggestion which bears on the role of the individual in a culture and the dependence of his status on the prevailing cultural values. A person classed as abnormal in one culture—say, our own paranoiacs—may qualify as a superior type in another culture, say that of the Kwakiutl, where a paranoid addiction to pot-latching would be just the thing. Similarly, a propensity to suicide which among us would qualify as a border line case, would pass unnoticed in Melanesia where suicide is frequently resorted to to solve, or shirk, all sorts of social impasses. This part of the author's book calls for another study—let us hope by the same hand—in which this socio-psychological relativism would be probed more thoroughly in the light of relevant biological and psychopathological material.

Before closing let me say that Dr. Benedict has succeeded in presenting a difficult subject in a form acceptable to the average intelligent reader. Frequent felicities of expression contribute to this result.

⁂

Alexander Goldenweiser has for many years been a lecturer and writer on sociology and anthropology.

Nilotic Negroes

PAGAN TRIBES OF THE NILOTIC SUDAN. By C. G. Seligman, M.D., and Brenda Z. Seligman. London: George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.

Reviewed by WALTER CLINE

WITHIN the broad fan of tributaries which drain into the Nile from the borders of Abyssinia, Uganda, and the Belgian Congo, and along the banks of the White Nile, dwell the arrogant, stork-legged nudists known as the Nilotic Negroes. In spite of their malarious flood-plains, the tangles of floating vegetation which block long sections of the rivers, and the dry hills where some of the smaller groups have entrenched themselves, these tribes hold a culturally strategic position. If ancient Egypt shared anything with Negro cultures, we should find it here. If iron-working or cattle-raising came into Negro lands from the north, they must have entered through this area or through neighboring Ethiopia. To the north lies the Egyptian Sudan, where Meroe flourished in ancient times, and in the Middle Ages the Christian kingdoms of Dongola and Aloa. From this direction also the Arabs brought Islam, and the border groups have been more and more Arabized in language and habits. To the south lie the grasslands of Kenya and Uganda, the former an easy avenue for predatory, pastoral tribes, the latter the most stable and prosperous of all modern Negro states; while the southwestern borders, around the watershed of the Nile and the Congo, have been swept by the cannibal armies of the Azande.

Whatever their contacts, the Nilotic peoples are one of the most strongly characterized groups on the continent, with their obsession for cattle, their disdain of all things foreign, the rain-making activities of their chiefs, and the sacred quality of kingship, which impels the Shilluk to murder their ruler as soon as the least physical impotence shows him unworthy to be its vessel. Here the ethnologist may study to best advantage the interactions of different languages and cultures, and may enjoy the rare spectacle of a pagan people defending their customs to the last ditch against white domination.

After years of field-work and collaboration with local missionaries and administrators, Mr. and Mrs. Seligman have attempted to review the Nilotic Negroes. Their book is a great disappointment for those who have looked to the Seligmans as pioneers in African research. I have never seen so exciting a lot of tribes presented in so dull a manner.

Five hundred and fifty pages are crammed with facts—many facts never printed before—but they mean nothing as they stand. There are no conclusions. There is not even a complete bibliography from which the student may work for himself. Twenty years from now, when we all have done more work, someone may write a well-balanced cultural analysis of the Nilotic Sudan. In the meanwhile we shall use the Seligmans' book, often and confidently, as a source of reference for social and religious facts; but we shall always open it with a yawn, and with a hearty wish that they had told us all about one tribe instead of a little about so many.

⁂

Walter Cline is on the staff of the Peabody Museum, Harvard University.

SITTING BULL

Sitting Bull and the Sioux Tribes

NEW SOURCES OF INDIAN HISTORY, 1850-1891, The Ghost Dance—The Prairie Sioux, A Miscellany. By Stanley Vestal. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. $3.50.

Reviewed by OLIVER LAFARGE

THE correct title of this work would have been "New Sources on the Life and Times of Sitting Bull," since it is largely with that great leader of the Sioux, and his band of Indians, that the book is concerned. In following the course of such a man—patriot, general, and statesman, whose active span covered almost the whole period of Sioux contact with white men to their ultimate subjugation and the destruction of their land holdings—it is inevitable that the historian should touch upon many major matters, various treaties, battles, personalities both white and Indian, the Ghost Dance, and so forth. But the scope of this important book is essentially limited to the story of Sitting Bull, and through him the experiences, first of the Hunkpapa, and secondly of the Sioux tribes in general.

Dr. Vestal remarks, "The historians of the West have been nothing if not patriotic, but it may be doubted whether a patriotic historian is an historian at all." With profound sympathy for Indians, and understanding of them (his chapter on methods of working with Indian informants is the best thing of its kind I have ever seen), a fine background of knowledge, and the detachment of a real historian, he has stepped into a field which has hitherto been the happy hunting ground of lies and wild romance. Scrappy and somewhat disorganized as a collection of source material must necessarily be, still from that very character there is a fascination in the way official and private letters, statements of eyewitnesses, and carefully treasured traditions slowly develop the true story of the conquest of a great and admirable primitive nation by the overwhelming and utterly unmanageable forces of civilization.

The truth about our Indians almost never creeps into our history books, our press, or our moving pictures. That is why, perhaps, most people do not understand why those of us who have lived among them, studied them, and worked for them, should love them so. Something of that quality which not only fascinates but ensnares one in ties of affection and respect, has been caught in the very objectivity of this book. Dr. Vestal sets his records down dispassionately, shedding new light on follies, treacheries, and cruelties by which the West was won, but doing justice to what was fine as well. There is no special pleading, or excessive purple sympathy. A little heavy in spots, perhaps, for readers who do not care about Indians, it is still more interesting and more readable than Dr. Vestal's "Sitting Bull," and will, I believe, be a revelation to any reader who stays with it, as well as a long needed contribution to a great phase of our history.

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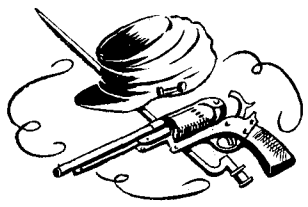
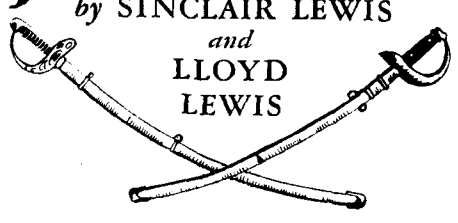


"As colorful an old son-of-a-gun

as we have seen on the stage for many moons," says Robert Benchley of 'Ace' Burdette in this book which, as Literature, says the critic of the Washington *Star*, "is one of the most robust and veracious of the imaginative works inspired by the Civil War." Illus. $2 *Doubleday, Doran*

JAYHAWKER

by SINCLAIR LEWIS *and* LLOYD LEWIS



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Poetry, Criticism, and Metaphysics

COLERIDGE ON IMAGINATION. By I. A. Richards. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by ALICE D. SNYDER

THIS will undoubtedly prove to be the book that many of Mr. Richards's readers have been awaiting. Even very sympathetic students of his earlier works have hoped for some development and restatement of his theory of poetry that would clear up certain difficulties they have encountered, difficulties having to do with his severance of intellect and emotion, of scientific knowledge and poetic attitude. That he should make this restatement through an exposition of Coleridge's critical theory will not surprise those who have noted his frequent references to the neglected wisdom of the philosopher-critic. Nor will those who know Coleridge be surprised to find that such a study clarifies Mr. Richards's theory—he believes that it is developed rather than altered—and makes his position more obviously tenable.

The writer's judgments of the critical importance of Coleridge's philosophizing run counter to many that are current. In the more abstruse and metaphysical portions of the "Biographia," for example, he sees, not an obstacle to valid criticism, but the indispensable instrument of the psychological and critical insight that no one dares deny. He admits that for Coleridge metaphysics was much more than an instrument, and that his speculations on ultimate realities often led him into considerations unimportant for the modern critic. But he believes that his philosophic ideas quickened his perception and stimulated his psychological insight quite as truly as they reflected their results. The contemporary critic may use Coleridge's ideas as he would use a microscope, to adopt Mr. Richards's instrumental figure, ignoring their metaphysical implications; but ideas he must have—some effort of thought similar to Coleridge's he must make. One of the most fruitful efforts seems to be to follow Coleridge's own thinking, translating it by the way.

After an introductory discussion that succeeds admirably in defining the scope and the method of his study, Mr. Richards takes up the gauntlet thrown down by Lascelles Abercrombie and John Livingston Lowes among others, and argues that Coleridge's distinction between the fancy and the imagination contains the essentials of what is most valuable in his critical theory. The whole book presents an excellent case for this contention, assembling many pertinent utterances of Coleridge's that have too often been slighted. The several chapters in which Coleridge's theory is traced, and its meaning for present-day critics suggested, culminate in some thought-provoking conclusions about the service of criticism, the substitution by future critics of linguistic analysis for metaphysics, and the function of modern poetry in remaking not only our minds, "but with them, our world." These conclusions, based on a searching analysis of the meanings of "nature" and other conceptual terms, are derived, with varying degrees of directness, from Coleridge. In fact, Mr. Richards finds that the new era of criticism which he hails was inaugurated when Coleridge posited his new questions about poetry, language, and the verbal imagination, instead of continuing to argue questions that had long since become barren.

Many of the best things Mr. Richards says are likely to be lost by readers who do not have the temperament or the patience to follow through his rather intricate exposition of Coleridge's thought. One is bound to feel that if the book had achieved a little more clarity of form it would make more converts to his school of logical and psychological criticism. Moreover, it must be granted that students of Coleridge will be slightly disappointed that the book is not somewhat more thoroughly documented; they will wonder, for instance, where Mr. Richards found the definition of genius quoted on page 62, differing in one word that he finds very important ("organization" replacing "origination") from the versions of the "Biographia" and the "Shakespearean Criticism." But for students of Coleridge, esthetic critics, logicians, and many lay readers, the book will more than repay the effort it exacts.

It was in 1931 that Max Eastman suggested, in "The Literary Mind," that Mr. Richards's too absolute and too easy divorce of the intellectual and the emotional was not in line with the instrumental logic of science being developed by modern physicists and biological psychologists as well, notable among the latter, John Dewey. I believe that the advance this book makes over Mr. Richards's earlier formulations lies in its more consistent approximation to the logical principles that Americans, at least, associate with Dewey's name, though no one who knows Mr. Richards's work will take this remark as impugning the highly original quality of his criticism. He tells us that he writes as a materialist interpreting an extreme idealist: is instrumentalism perhaps the natural result?

Alice D. Snyder, who is a member of the English department of Vassar College, has recently returned from a year's study of Coleridge in England.

The Roman Church

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ACTION. By Michael Williams, with the collaboration of Julia Kernan. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARK HARRIS

THE authors explain in their introduction to this book that they have attempted no more than a brief and accurate description of the organized system by means of which the Roman Catholic Church carries on its work. They state, moreover, that their account is non-controversial. Considering the highly debatable material often under consideration and the pious zeal of the authors, the story cleaves pretty well to its objective goal.

The reader is offered a clear, informative picture of the Roman Church as an elaborated device for the preservation and administration of temporal and supernatural power. Despite the complexity of the system, involving as it does many gradations of authority, many spheres of jurisdiction, the genius of the Roman communion as a durable, yet wisely flexible, institution is once more evident. There is some good material about the finances of the Church, about its relations with the Eastern Catholic churches, and concerning the struggle between the Vatican and various national governments over political as well as educational authority.

As a supposedly objective account, the book is weakened by a number of flaws. In numerous instances the description is carried so far that it becomes propaganda. Occasional attempts to disarm hostile criticism by admitting weaknesses in the Church or in its membership are nullified by too great a stress upon the claims of the Holy See, especially in connection with historic questions. The authors are sometimes over-technical in their language. On the whole, however, the book is a successful piece of condensation in a field so vast and so intricate that the production of one well-balanced, representative volume is itself a triumph.

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Incomplete Romantic

BYRON: ROMANTIC PARADOX. By W. J. Calvert. Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by SAMUEL C. CHEW

MR. CALVERT has attempted the difficult task of surveying Byron's achievement as a poet while ignoring the problem of "Astarte," that obsession of Byron-criticism. His concern is with the poet's life-in-work as distinct from his daily living. The question which he poses implicitly concerns the value of this great mass of poetry apart from the autobiographical significance which may, or may not, be discernible in much of it. Yet though this critic brushes aside as "meaningless" the "amours" of Byron's London years without so much as specifying which love affairs he has in mind, he has evidently found it impossible to escape altogether from the prejudices and prepossessions established by knowledge of the poet's personal life. Thus, at one point Mr. Calvert writes: "His own agonies, thinly coated with circumstance, are the real themes." If these are the real themes, then the reader needs to know about them. Yet Mr. Calvert nowhere makes plain the occasion of the "agonies" or their significance in Byron's life. It is evident that a complete critical and analytical estimate of Byron without "Astarte" is impossible. Perhaps Mr. Calvert would admit as much and has assumed a knowledge of the tragic circumstances which he elects to leave to one side of his discussion.

The paradox which he sets before us is a familiar one; it was recognized by the poet himself. Byron, destined to assume in the European imagination the position of the supreme, or at any rate the typical, Romantic, was not a complete product of the movement with which he became identified. With the contemporary revolt in literature and its depreciation of the past he never associated himself; and though he lumped much of his own verse with that of other living poets he insisted that he and they were alike upon a wrong track. The enormous popularity of the poetry published between 1811 and 1816 committed him, for a while at least, to an "incorrect school"; but in taste and judgment he remained loyal to the Age of Reason and the School of Pope. "Classic principles," says Mr. Calvert, "were relegated to the position of his conscience—basic but subdued." (The mention of Byron's conscience is not insignificant; the problem of "Astarte" perforce intrudes into the discussion!) Mr. Calvert sets Byron against the background of the classical and reasonable tradition of the preceding age. Of it he was, on one side of his complex nature, the direct heir and the convinced champion. Spontaneous and emotional in temperament, he was intellectually sophisticated and obedient to tradition. This is the essential dichotomy which Mr. Calvert studies and displays.

Thus it came about that in exile Byron found himself freed from the darkly sinister romantic creature of his imagination whom he had described in the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" and in the oriental tales, and in a position to develop the other side of his genius. That led him, through the later cantos of "Childe Harold" and through the severe discipline of the tragedies, to his masterpiece, "Don Juan," in which all that was strongest and most sincere in his nature found expression. "Don Juan" is the "achievement" which gives the title to Mr. Calvert's final chapter. One wishes that the critic had elected to analyze that minor masterpiece, "The Vision of Judgment," which is as characteristic as, and more powerful than, any single episode in the longer companion poem.

If the history of the relations of Byron and Augusta Leigh must be known in order to comprehend the inner meaning of much of the poet's work, it remains true that only that work gives importance to what would otherwise be no more than a vulgar scandal. A book, therefore, which sets forth the lasting value of the poetry as distinct from the intriguing iniquities of the poet's life was well worth writing; and Mr. Calvert has written it with good sense and enthusiasm, judgment and wit. It is a refreshing reaction from the over-subtle psycho-analytical probings of Charles du Bos. For a quarter of a century the biographers have had their almost uninterrupted say; it is well to hear again from the historians and critics of literature.

The German translations of Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" and "The 'Genius'" have been confiscated by the German secret police.

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A Letter from England

By AMABEL WILLIAMS-ELLIS

"HAVE you been to any good plays lately?" This was the inevitable polite conversational opening of my youth. It was thought suitable by elderly statesmen and proconsuls (whom my father, St. Loe Strachey, used to gather at his table) thus to begin a chat with a young woman. There was an old lady who was reputed to have two alternative openings, "Do you like string?" and "What do you think of the moon?" Alas, I never met her.

A truthful reply to the stock question that I encountered would—any time these last three years—involve serious and prolonged blasphemy, plays in London being as a rule of such an extreme dreariness that when blasphemy was out of order the only answer was that you never went to the theatre. But for a wonder there are now several good plays to be seen. There is, for example, a full-dress, large-scale Cochran revue, "Streamline," which is good, and an exceedingly funny revue of the intimate sort at the Gate Theatre—members and guests only. Originally the Gate had a decidedly Greenwich Village clientele—which arrived covered with beards from Bloomsbury, Chelsea, and Hampstead—but lately they have been coming covered with Molyneux creations, by car from Mayfair to see a variety show remarkable for intelligence and broad speaking. The white slaver's laments over the trade cycle, the song of the three too, too elegant young "gentlemen authors" about the sweet pansies that they find "*Up* the garden path!" and "Not a dull page" or the song of the reviewers' mutual admiration society — convulsed an audience who followed all the more venomous personal innuendoes with particular pleasure.

"The Moon in the Yellow River," by Denis Johnston, an Irish play, is also good, and there is a small pleasant piece called "Lady Precious Stream" by a Chinese dramatist, an exceedingly good production of "Hamlet" with Mr. Gielgud as the prince, and Webster's "Duchess of Malfi." This was played in London about ten years ago by the Phoenix Society of happy memory. On this occasion, however, the play rather disappointed its many admirers. Beautiful as was the verse, it seemed to act much less well than we had all hoped, nor could we blame its failure on actors or production. But somehow Bosola's and Duke Ferdinand's villainies failed to convince. Snobbery and a desire for territorial aggrandizement seemed not to supply a sufficient motive for all the cruelties that are heaped on the unfortunate lady on her marriage to one who was after all a respectable fellow.—"What was the meanest of her match to me?"—The new producer has suggested an additional motive. He suggests that there had existed a more than fraternal love between the duchess and her brother. Whether we accept this idea or not, there is no doubt that the picture of the Duke as suffering torturing jealousy, and yet more unbearable remorse after its wreaking, adds greatly to the poignancy of some of the most beautiful lines ever written in our tongue.

But even this new production fails to reconcile most of the play's admirers to the pile of corpses at the end of the last act. Why would they do it? One corpse—tragedy; six corpses—farce.

What are English authors doing? What can be said with certainty is that they are not publishing books. The *Times Literary Supplement* has been sere and small, and the long reviews are given to ancient diarists and the biographers whose work the reviewer calls "painstaking and thorough."

It is the close or breeding season. So imagine the authors of England in garret, cottage, flat, and palace, typing like mad, sucking the end of their pens, or—rather sanctimoniously—(because it means they are so well up to time) correcting proof sheets. And in the intervals—for no one can pound a typewriter all day long—what do these creatures do? Shokoloff, the Soviet author of "And Quiet Flows the Don," was in London recently and I asked him that question. "What do you do for fun?" "Fish," he said, "and shoot marsh fowl," he added. "And what would you say was your greatest literary asset?" "The fact that I live 180 versts from the nearest railway station." Every author knows very well what he meant. A taste for conversation has brought more writers to ruin than drink. And what sort of conversation is it that Colleague-of-the-pen-Shokoloff is saved from by his 180 versts? Russian conversation is copious, exhaustive, varied, and pursued as an art. Once as I sat writing an old unknown Russian sat down beside me and opened thus: "So you can read and write! I wonder how you learned? I learned as quite a young man in prison in Siberia." The talk was launched, I wrote no more. Definitely a better gambit than "Do you like string?"

We have a whispy, leading-note, unfinished way of conversing, we exchange brief bleats, and there is even some foundation for the universal European belief that the English are a silent people.

"And pray how do you, with your fair hair and blue eyes, always pass for a Spaniard?" I asked Ralph Bates (author of a novel "Lean Men" that I commended to the attention of *Saturday Review* readers a month or two ago).

"Easily enough," he said. "Of course I always say I come from some province far from the one I am in. But you see I love talking and when they hear me chattering away they *know* I can't be an Englishman. Spaniards know that Englishmen *never speak*."

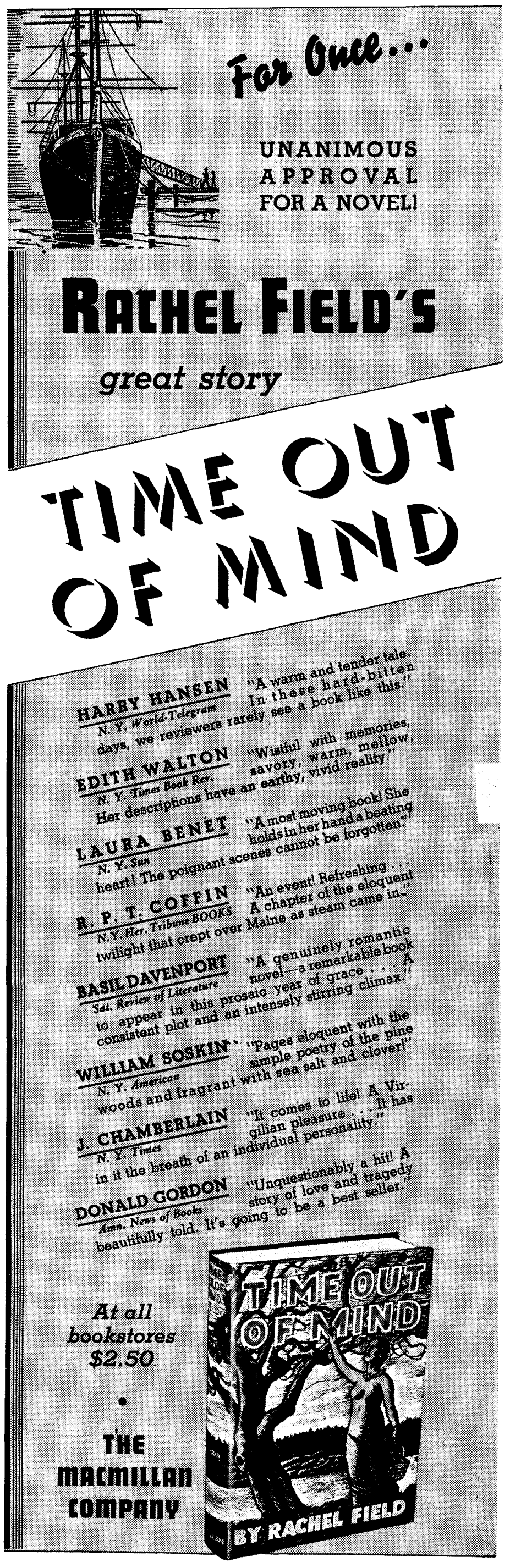
When did that legend grow up? I was given advice on the point when young. My grandmother spoke thus "When you go out, my dear, you must not sit like a lump! Talk about anything! Talk about a leg of mutton, but don't sit without a word to say for yourself." A Strachey cousin of avuncular age also gave counsel: "If you've nothing to say, don't say it." Many tales are told by those who went to see one or other of Lytton Strachey's many brothers and sisters. The rule of the house was that anyone might bring in a guest but that this was no concern of the others. If the guest and host were a little late, they would be confronted on entering the dining room by two long rows of long Stracheys male and female, each with a propped book and eating in amicable but complete silence. It was an intimidating experience. Lytton Strachey's capacity for silence indeed served very well as a substitute for Shokoloff's 180 versts. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, the actress, sat next to him one night at a dinner party. "I admire your work so much, Mr. Strachey," she began in her deep, resonant, yet velvety voice. "I want you to write me a play!" She enlarged, she described what the play was to be, what her part was to be like, her voice became deeper, more and more splendid, and her whole demeanor more and more impassioned: "You will write it for me, won't you, Mr. Strachey?"

"No," said Lytton Strachey.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
OUTLAWS OF HALFADAY CREEK *James B. Hendryx* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Western	Corporal Downey of the Northwest Mounted finds work in the crook-infested border town.	Standard
THE INDULGENT HUSBAND *Colette* (Farrar & Rinehart: $2.50)	Light Novel	Further chronicles of Claudine who discovers husbands and lovers.	Colette
SHE FELL AMONG THIEVES *Dornford Yates* (Minton, Balch: $2.)	Thriller	The boys poke their schnozzles into one of those remote chateaux about which things have been whispered.	Boo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N. Y. Times Book Rev.
"Wistful with memories, savory, warm, mellow. Her descriptions have an earthy, vivid reality."
LAURA BENET
N. Y. Sun
"A most moving book! She holds in her hand a beating heart! The poignant scenes cannot be forgotten."
R. P. T. COFFIN
N.Y. Her. Tribune BOOKS
"An event! Refreshing . . . A chapter of the eloquent twilight that crept over Maine as steam came in."
BASIL DAVENPORT
Sat. Review of Literature
"A genuinely romantic novel—a remarkable book to appear in this prosaic year of grace . . . A consistent plot and an intensely stirring climax."
WILLIAM SOSKIN
N. Y. American
"Pages eloquent with the simple poetry of the pine woods and fragrant with sea salt and clover!"
J. CHAMBERLAIN
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TIME OUT OF MIND
BY RACHEL FIELD

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Mother Knows Best

THE LITTLE CANDLE'S BEAM. By Isa Glenn. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CARTER

WITH the exception of Samuel Hopkins Adams's account of the high-hearted horse-play of the "Ohio Gang" under the administration of the late President Harding, in "Revelry," no good novel based on life in Washington, D. C., has appeared in modern times. The author of "Heat" has tried to break this record in a psychological novel of mother-son relationships in an old Washington family, but has failed quite definitely to capture the mood, the surge, and the hurly-burly of life in Washington.

To be precise, "The Little Candle's Beam" is, as a novel, not a very good or convincing story; its characters are not especially credible or attractive or even interesting; and the fact that the action takes place in Washington is offset by the fact that Mrs. Glenn almost completely ignores the political life of the capital and makes only minor use of the rich material which lies ready for the taking.

The story is the story of a Washington girl, Cecilia Tabor, who came of a conservative family of "cave-dwellers" and made a correct marriage with one of our ineffable pre-war diplomats. Her husband died of typhoid abroad, and Cecilia returned to live in Washington with her young son Tommy. Her life was unbearably complicated, first by her mother's effort to manage her life, second by her own weak character, and then by her son's interference with her own plans. In the end, frustrated in everything else, Cecilia became a woman like her mother and devoted herself to the task of managing—and frustrating—her son. "Mother knows best."

Such a theme, properly handled, and divorced from the adventitious backdrop of life in the political capital of the country in the days of the Bonus Marchers, is worthy of respect. Unfortunately, the characters do not stand out, their problems and sufferings do not enlist sympathy, and the climaxes of the story are badly swallowed up and mangled in a rather irrelevant confusion of incidents.

Such glimpses as Mrs. Glenn gives of Washington political life and of national affairs are well handled, and the atmosphere—though attenuated to the tea-table level—is convincing. On this account, it is a pity that she did not write a Washington novel instead of a novel whose characters happened to find themselves in Washington at the time. If it be argued that this is true of most Washingtonians, it is also true that Washington owes its existence to the force of politics and public affairs and nothing else. To write of a Washington which is non-political, unless the story is deliberately ironic (which is not the case of "The Little Candle's Beam"), is to omit Hamlet from the play which bears his name. Or, if you prefer a fresher image, it suggests the action of Hollywood in producing a film of "Without Benefit of Clergy" in which—for the sake of censorship—the guilty couple were lawfully married from the very start.

The Letters and Papers of
LAURENCE STERNE

Edited by Lewis Perry Curtis. Containing 222 letters attributed to Sterne, ten now published for the first time; *Sterne's Memoirs* and *Journal to Eliza* and other documents. Illustrated. $10.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

Climax of Evolution

BIOLOGY FOR EVERYMAN. By Sir J. Arthur Thomson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1935. 2 *vols.* $5.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

SIR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, whose recent death is regretted by all biologists, had the fortune to complete his *magnum opus*. Combining an extraordinary knowledge of the structure and habits of living creatures with an ever alert sensitiveness for the significance of both, he has produced something worthy of that designation. It combines a non-technical and wholly popular description of the multitudinous plants and animals of the earth with authoritative accounts of their inter-relationships and life histories. It was not intended as a textbook, but as a presentation of the whole of biology in a compact and easily read form for Everyman, not too difficult for the young, nor too dreary for the old.

"Biology for Everyman" departs from an encyclopedic form by the ever recurrent question, why? With all the strangeness of living things, how can one keep that question out? We are told that the biologist should not ask why, that it is his task to discover, describe, and label neatly all aspects of form and function, and then quit. Considering our admittedly great ignorance, which is possibly predestined to be eternal, and considering the awful possibilities of the answer we might get, we should let well enough alone. Sir Arthur has voiced this doubt once or twice, but on the whole he was not one to be afraid, and in this book he not only asks the question frequently, but frequently finds an answer, putting "survival value," "struggle for existence," and "genetic mutation" to good use. But every questioner encounters ultimately a question that is unanswerable, when he must fall back upon whatever faith he has. Such a question, foremost always in Sir Arthur's mind, was the meaning of this climax of evolution, man. Man differs from the gorilla by being more youthful, primitive, less specialized, and Keith once suggested that the gorilla's peculiarities were due to an increased activity of the pituitary gland. But, remarks Sir Arthur, the ingenious theory leaves us asking: What makes the pituitary vary? As regards the causes of this ebb and flow of the living tide, we must still confess with Darwin that "our ignorance is immense." To him the implication was inadequate. Never slackening his conviction of man's solidarity with the rest of creation, at the end he held firmly to the theory that man was something uniquely apart. Perhaps he may be among the last of prominent biologists to hold this separatist view.

Just Out! . . .

"MR. FORTUNE OBJECTS"—by H. C. BAILEY

Author of the classic *"Shadow on the Wall"* and now recognized as probably the greatest living writer of short mystery fiction, H. C. Bailey presents six of the most astounding cases of Mr. Fortune, of whom William Rose Benét says: "But, of them all, perhaps Mr. Reginald Fortune comes nearest to the dream of all good detective story readers." $2. *THE CRIME CLUB, Inc.*

CHILDREN AT WARGEMONT. *Painted by Renoir,* 1884.

Renoir's Development

THE ART OF RENOIR. By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1935. $5.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

WITH unflagging zeal and tenacity Dr. Barnes and his collaborator follow every phase of Renoir's development as a pure painter. In this quest they profess an entire objectivity—the elucidation of what is indisputable in a great artist's pictorial form. This involves some three hundred pages of descriptive writing reinforced by about half as many reproductions of pictures.

These verbal analyses are generally of a high order of clarity and reasonableness. For the small and privileged group of students who have access to the upwards of eight-score Renoirs in the Barnes Foundation, this analytical material should be most valuable. For the outsider who depends on the illustrations and memory, the book is appallingly repetitious. Whatever is available in it could have been conveyed better in about a third of the space. As it is, the study has much value as reference material. Particularly the treatment of the poorer Renoirs is very enlightening. What is the matter with the Moulin de la Galette? After first enthusiasm subsided, I have often asked the question without finding an answer. It is simply that the color system is not integrated with the light system, while both serve intermittently and unsatisfactorily the purpose of construction. Here is a solid, one may say an objective, explanation for a disquieting ambiguity which I could feel but not explain.

The general development of Renoir from intelligent assimilation of Courbet and Manet, through restudy of the French eighteenth century tradition to a synthesis based on the practice of Venice—all this has been fairly understood, but it has never been so concretely and richly illustrated in any previous criticism. Almost everything in this mass of *Quellenlehre* is convincing, but rather little of it is really objective. It is a question of parallels which are always interpreted as influences. But such an interpretation is a pure assertion of opinion, however reasonable, and much that the authors offer as evidence of influence a more cautious opinion might regard as simple coincidence. However the general line of demonstration is convincing, and the appeal to origins casts new light on the methods of the Venetians and the *École galante*.

The conclusion is that in Renoir's last phase we find a renovation of the Venetian manner more completely integrated, more delicately modulated, in every true sense, more painter-like than anything the great Venetians painted themselves. The authors do not push this conclusion to the absurdity that Renoir is a greater artist than Giorgiano or Titian. Yet they leave the case in such shape that the unwary reader may readily take the leap. In short, there is here some danger of perversion of values, for as an artist in the broad sense Renoir never is comparable to the great Venetians. His real affiliations are with the French eighteenth century.

The authors are firm as to the late or "red" Renoirs. These are the logical culmination of his great gift. It will be recalled that for the last twenty years in his life Renoir yielded increasingly to arthritis; in his last eight or nine years he painted with a brush lashed to the helpless fingers of an arm which was practically disabled. A great craftsman usually manages to capitalize his disabilities; long before Renoir, Titian, Hals, and Rembrandt had done so gloriously. With much that seems to the present writer merely approximated and unachieved, some of the greatest Renoirs, notably the later bathing groups, were painted in his final years of decrepitude. It seems to me likely that his simplification of his tonal register to a gamut of reds may be not a deliberate choice or development but merely what he could do under restricting conditions. If he no longer made the extraordinarily rich, intricate, and expressive surfaces of the pictures painted in the late '90's, may it not be that he could no longer make them? In any case the problem of the red Renoirs needs reconsideration in view of the artist's physical condition. A number of the later pictures suggest, even in the illustrations of this book, a hand feeble and out of control. It should be clear that I am not deprecating the late work as a class—to praise or deprecate any part of an artist's work generically is equally absurd—I am merely asking for a more careful interpretation than the objective method permits. Are we dealing with a culmination or progress, or with a superb recoil and detour forced by circumstances? It is an issue that will gradually lose urgency, for in a generation the "red" Renoirs will all be as bleached and chalky as the originally rosy Sir Joshuas.

Whoever considers this book as a mine in which at need he may dig will rarely come away disappointed; whoever tries to read it through is likely to be arrested by acute indigestion. After all the work of art lives only in opinion, that is subjectively, and no amount of telling that a thing is painted in one way or another tells us why it was painted that way. In short, this very able book ends just about where criticism of Renoir really begins.

Content to Be Little

NO SWANK. By Sherwood Anderson. Philadelphia: The Centaur Press. $2.

BITS from this book have appeared in *The New Republic, Today, The Virginia Quarterly Review,* the *American Spectator,* and in the Virginia country newspapers, The Marion *Democrat,* and The Smyth County *News.* It's a lot about people Mr. Anderson has met. The opening anecdotes of Ring Lardner are entertaining, and read the paper on Gertrude Stein, whom Mr. Anderson sincerely thinks is a restorer of "the word." But the little book is of very slight importance in the list of Anderson's works. One likes Mr. Anderson, he is a companionable fellow with a lot of the best American qualities; but he is no longer the significant figure he once was in American letters. Near the end of this book he says:

> But I, the writer, am also a shrewd enough man to know that, now—in our time—nothing can be done on the grand scale. "Be little." I constantly say to myself, "Be content to be little." It has become a kind of song in me.

That is a confusion in Mr. Anderson's mind. "Nothing on the grand scale"? Really. Whatever you may think of the two vastly different books, both "Anthony Adverse" and "Of Time and the River" are on the grand scale. And we don't believe for one instant Mr. Anderson wants to be little. He means something else. But he can't say definitely enough *what* he means, any more. That is his trouble. It has almost become a disease.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

FIRST, allow me to say a few words about the biography of a nineteenth century English poet. The biography does not need an extended review, as the poet was and is admittedly minor, though he knew, as the publishers of the biography state, "every important man of letters from Lamb to Swinburne." I refer to "Barry Cornwall," by *Richard Willard Armour* (Meador Publishing Company, 470 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Mass. $3). The biographer is a Ph.D. from Harvard who, as Dexter scholar, carried on his research in England. He is now a member of the faculty of Wells College. Barry Cornwall's letters make up a little more than a third of the book. So far as I can ascertain, Professor Armour's facts are accurate and he brings new material to his study of the poet. The great thing about *Bryan Waller Procter,* "Barry Cornwall," was not his poetry but his personality. He was one of those gentle yet gregarious men (albeit, despite his small stature, he took lessons in "the manly art" from *Tom Cribb*, then Champion of England) who are essentially lovable and have the faculty for making and keeping friends. It is the record of his association with many interesting and even famous persons that makes his biography pleasing. He was also, of course, the father of the famous *Adelaide Procter*. Engaged in legal practice, he yet found time for the writing of much verse, among it, dramatic and narrative poems. At the age of forty-five he was fortunate enough to receive a sinecure position, bringing him £800 a year, as one of the Metropolitan Commissioners of Lunacy. For thirteen years this proved an easy source of income; though, after that, when he became a permanent Commissioner, his office necessitated travel and the attendance at many board meetings. Procter, however, had a large family, and all the responsibilities that go with it. Today what remains of him for the average reader? We associate him with that marine apostrophe beginning, "The sea! the sea! the open sea!", with certain lines to an Arab steed and to a stormy petrel, a song to his wife, rhyming "love" and "dove," and a few other pleasant numbers. That is all. Yet his play, "Mirandola," ran at Covent Garden, to packed houses, for sixteen nights—which was *something,* for a poetic drama in those days. To be sure *Macready* had the title role, and *Charles Kemble* the role of Guido—which might account for it. But *Byron* wrote Procter that the drama was distinctly Procter's forte. "You should set to work seriously; you will have the field to yourself, and are fully able to keep it." That reads queerly today! "Mirandola" was pretty bad! *Thomas Lovell Beddoes* and *George Darley* (both favorites of mine) also believed in Procter's dramatic gift; but the English theatre was far from strong at that time. Such was the man whom, in his age, no less a poet than *Swinburne* praised. His biography is for those few who like the amenities of letters; for them it will revive memories and make evenings pleasant.

"Poems" by *John Masefield* is the latest collection of the present laureate's poems. The dramas are not included, though there are lyrics from "Pompey the Great." Yet, at the end, one finds such brief poetic dramatic things as "Richard Whittington," 'The Hour Strikes," "Penelope," and "The Tale of Troy." They are slight and somewhat boring. Considering which, I miss "Philip the King," surely more a poem than a play! Probably the best of Masefield's plays, "The Faithful," is rightly excluded; and the plays will, no doubt, form another volume. While, at his best, it seems to me that Masefield has an extraordinary dramatic gift, I think it unfortunate that his experiment at Boar's Hill, with the rendering of verse plays, eventually came to absorb so much of his time and to turn his mind so much toward legendry and ancientry that we have lost what might have been a later flowering of the superb early energy that gave us "Dauber," and of the second-wind, so to speak, that produced "Reynard the Fox." In his interesting new preface (by far too short—as its anecdotes of literary enthusiasm in youth are just the sort of thing one relishes enormously from so great a man!) he comments upon the years given to organizing performances "by exquisite speakers," and gives us to understand that that phase of his life has now come to an end. I am grateful. All I know is that it never produced one single great drama from him. As for the poems here presented again, there can be no question that certain of them, lyrics, sonnets, and narratives alike, will live for some time. The stamp of a powerful and impressive personality is upon them. Masefield is no great philosopher, but he is a noble one; and he knows the true springs of song and is a natural narrator. It is idle to wonder where he will rank in English poetry in the eyes of the future. My own belief is that his place will be high. Though some of his later work is tedious, most of his writing is strong in fibre. At all events it is masculine verse, that men can read and reread with joy. And it is always honest in intention.

Robert P. Tristram Coffin is a fecund poet. His latest book, "Strange Holiness" (Macmillan), is in contrast to his latest one before that, "Ballads of Square-Toed Americans," in that this is subjective as that was objective. I am only afraid that Mr. Coffin may have a fatal facility. He shapes and turns his poems well, and he usually has something not only interesting to write about but also seen and felt. Also, his phrase is often extremely good. Moreover, the devotional element in these poems has nothing mawkish about it. One feels that the poet pleasured himself in writing all of them. And yet one also feels that he might have conserved the energy expended in writing a good many of them and poured it all into one poem that would have greatly surpassed them all. Where a man has proved his powers, as Mr. Coffin has already done, I think it is allowable to expect him to surpass himself. This book does not surpass others by the same writer. Were it a first book it would not make nearly the impression upon the reader that certain other books of his have made. That he is a good workman is beyond question. But he is also, at rare intervals, a good deal more than that. In this particular volume those intervals are rare indeed.

Susanna Valentine Mitchell comes of a famous literary family, her grandfather being the late *S. Weir Mitchell*, her father *Langdon Mitchell*, the playwright. Farrar & Rinehart publish her book of poems, "Journey Taken by a Woman." The third section of her book is the strongest and best. It is impressive. "Message to My Children," "Twelve Hours After," "New York City," "In a Far Country," "Of Earthly Love," and some others are notable. Particularly I like "Written in a Small Town." And here is "Wild Bird":

The hawk climbed up into a harder air.
His ranging eye
taught him the place to strike that he might live
though others die.
He sought security within the storm
and asked no more
than on a driven wind to fight and turn
and die as other hawks had died before.

Morris Bishop sends me the following lines entitled

MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION

"Was I too hearty? Did he think me bold?
Should I have said, 'like hell,' and not 'like fun'?
Does my mustache not make me look too old?
(He wants a man whose graduate work is done.)
Nebraska Wesleyan is probably cold,
I'd rather get down south of Washington.
He didn't seem to like that joke I told;
Jeez, he's a solemn-looking son of a gun!"
Thus the young savant ponders at his ease,
Knitting the critical brow, and on the belly
Twirling the scholarly thumb, while Ph.D.'s
Deal with the manuscripts of Machiavelli,
The intervocalic N in Portuguese,
And the unfaithfulness of Harriet Shelley.

According to *John O'London's Weekly,* a number of letters written by Sir Walter Scott to Charlotte Carpenter, before their marriage, have been discovered in a secret drawer in a desk at Abbotsford. Previously it had been thought that Scott burned the correspondence.

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WEATHER AND ITS HABITS

R. M. B. of Aurora, Ill., *would like to have information on literature available for the teaching of weather conditions. Anything, he says, related to the cause of rainfall, prevailing winds, climate, cyclones, tornadoes, etc., interests him. He wishes, also, to know how government weather maps can be secured.*

REMEMBERING how in my days on the *Evening Post* there would turn up regularly on my desk each morning a weather map similar to those which newspapers print in their pages, I called up the Weather Bureau from which they used to emanate to inquire how they were to be procured in general. The kindly gentleman who answered my inquiry informed me that on application to the United States Weather Bureau (and he suggested that the application be addressed to the nearest station which, in R. M. B's case would, I suppose, be Chicago) the charts will be sent to the inquirer free if he is on a newspaper or a teacher in a public school or, if otherwise employed, for the nominal sum of $2.40 a year. I remember with what foreboding of ill I used to read their predictions of storm, having discovered that, contrary to the popular belief, the government forecast was very generally correct. Surely there never could have been a time when weather was of more importance to the nation than now when droughts and dust storms are working such tragic havoc over a portion of it. R. M. B. will, I am sure, be interested in reading, though they may not be specifically what he has in mind, Ellsworth Huntington's CIVILIZATION AND CLIMATE (Yale University Press), a study of the effect of climate on man's energy and development, and his HUMAN HABITAT (Van Nostrand), this last intended for the lay reader where the former is rather addressed to the scientist. Mr. Huntington is, I think it would be admitted, the leading authority in this country on the subject and his writing upon it is rich in interesting fact and theory. By a curious coincidence, just as I was compiling my list of references for R. M. B., and only a moment or two after I had included in it the title of Charles F. Brooks's WHY THE WEATHER? (Harcourt, Brace), the revised edition of that work was deposited on my desk. This, it would seem, is the very book of which R. M. B. is in search. Mr. Brooks, who is professor of meteorology and director of Blue Hill Observatory, Harvard University, has here assembled material used in somewhat different form in his teaching and, again in altered form, syndicated to the newspapers by Science Service. It is full of fascinating information, statements such as that the dew "never falls, except by dripping off roofs and leaves," that "dust is all important" (alas, how the inhabitants of Oklahoma and Kansas could comment upon that!), that "the real 'bubbling spring' is a dependable climatic thermometer," that on January 2 the earth receives most heat from the sun, and a hundred odds and ends of scientific fact. The book is written in untechnical fashion for a general public, and is lavishly illustrated. To quote Mr. Brooks's own words, "It cannot claim to cover adequately the entire field of meteorology. It attempts, however, to illustrate many phases of weather science, and to emphasize fundamentals." Other books on the subject which R. M. B. might consult to his advantage are WEATHER (McBride), by Edward Elway Free and Travis Hoke, which, in addition to the general weather, covers floods, thunderstorms, gales at sea, cyclones, radio air, aviator's air, the weather in its relation to human comfort, etc., and THE REALM OF THE AIR (Bobbs-Merrill), by Charles Fitzhugh Talman, a meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau.

CRIME AND GRAFT

H. T. of Pittsfield, N. H., *is about "to gather together all the facts about crime and graft in this country," and wants some books on the subject.*

I'm afraid H. T. has set himself a herculean task, if crime and graft are as rife as all evidence of the daily press goes to show. As a matter of fact there could be no better quarry from which to dig the material which he wants than the files of the newspapers, since in them, of course, is a mass of material which never finds its way into books. The latter, after all, must devote themselves to the major criminals and corruptionists, and of necessity ignore the lesser. Perhaps the best book to which H. T. could go for the first part of his research is one which has recently appeared, Courtney Riley Cooper's TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES (Little, Brown). Here he will find accounts not only of some of the most sensational of the present-day crimes, but the methods employed by the Department of Justice in tracking down their perpetrators, and, more striking still, the manner in which these criminals were made. THE CRIMINAL AND HIS ALLIES (Bobbs-Merrill), by Judge Marcus A. Kavanagh, reflects thirty years' experience on the bench, while DELINQUENTS AND CRIMINALS, THEIR MAKING AND UNMAKING (Macmillan), by William Healy and A. F. Bronner, goes into the field of youthful transgressions with its case studies of juvenile repeated offenders. If H. T. has never read it he would do well to get hold of Richard L. Dugdale's THE JUKES (Putnams), first published in 1877 as a report of the New York Prison Association, and long since become a classic as a study in crime, pauperism, disease, and heredity. It may be a bit off the path which H. T. is following but anyone interested in the study of the criminal should be familiar with it. And as long as he is entering on the trail of the sociological, he might do well, too, to take time for Frederick M. Thrasher's THE GANG (University of Chicago Press), which will dovetail neatly with the books on political corruption. Among these he will find Denis Tilden Lynch's CRIMINALS AND POLITICIANS (Macmillan) enlightening and disheartening, and WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW YORK? (Macmillan), by Norman Thomas and Paul Blanshard, and TAMMANY HALL (Doubleday, Doran), by M. R. Werner, no less so. Finally, if he wants a personal record which is most illuminating he might read the books by C. M. Willemse, who rose from a bouncer in a Broadway saloon to be head of a detective division in the New York Police Department. These, BEHIND THE GREEN LIGHTS (Knopf) and A COP REMEMBERS (Dutton), are highly interesting documents.

GOOD FRIENDS, ALL THANKS

For some time letters from kind correspondents, suggesting references to supplement some of the suggestions I have made, have been accumulating on my desk. Louis Brienbaum, for instance, suggests that *G. G. of New York City* who wanted books on esthetics, might be interested in George Santayana's THE SENSE OF BEAUTY (Scribners), Ethel D. Puffer's THE PSYCHOLOGY OF BEAUTY (Houghton Mifflin), W. T. Stace's THE MEANING OF BEAUTY (London: Grant Richards), and Katherine Gilbert's STUDIES IN RECENT AESTHETICS (University of North Carolina Press). "And finally," he adds, "one may not afford to miss Walter Pater's remarks in his preface to his volume entitled THE RENAISSANCE." T. R. Hay, having seen the inquiry of *C. C. of Island Park, N .Y.*, for an account of Lee's campaign in the Civil War, says:

> So far as I know there is no account of Lee's career and campaigns in the Civil War. There are many fragmentary accounts or accounts devoted to one campaign or group of campaigns. Freeman's R. E. LEE, as you suggest, is perhaps the best account by one author. Maurice's account, while continuous, is more interested in giving Maurice's conception of Lee as a general and a man than in giving a continuous account of his military leadership. So far as I am informed, I consider Thomas Nelson Page's ROBERT E. LEE: MAN AND SOLDIER, 1911, as one of the best continuous accounts of Lee's campaigns. It is not as critical as some later works and is unconcealed in its admiration of Lee, but, on the other hand, it views Lee's compaign in continuous narrative form with a minimum of digression to consider Lee, the Man.
>
> William Allan's THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA IN 1862 is an excellent military study of Lee's compaigns in 1862. C. F. Atkinson's GRANT'S CAMPAIGNS IN 1864 is a good account of the operations from the Wilderness to the James River. Another excellent work is E. P. Alexander's MILITARY MEMOIRS OF A CONFEDERATE, and another work is Cecil Battine's THE CRISIS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

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Story of the Macabre

BLIND MEN CROSSING A BRIDGE. By Susan Miles. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by LAURENCE BELL

THAT the long novel is regaining favor among American readers there can be no doubt, but unfortunately for most writers who go beyond the "standard" limitations, such over-sized fiction has not as yet become common enough to escape at least partial judgment on this account. In a more leisurely era, with people less concerned with the fate that awaits them on the morrow, Miss Miles's 853 page novel would in all probability be hailed as a "monumental" achievement—reading through page after page of lyrical eulogies to the English countryside would be considered a rare pleasure. But in this hectic day, with readers demanding discussions of social and economic problems even in their fiction, "Blind Men Crossing a Bridge" is somewhat of an anachronism.

The story itself, when it is visible through the shroud of poetic mysticism, is interesting, and at times even exciting. In the beginning there is George Gurney, son of the arch-deacon at Quarrenden, and Meg Quainton, a daughter of the lower middle class whom he worships with mooncalf adoration despite the objections of both parents. George is a hypersensitive youth, so tender of heart that he grieves at the sight of a yew tree broken by the wind, who has been made into a snivelling, self-pitying coward by his sister's misguided efforts to take the place of his dead mother. A friend gives him an etching which depicts a group of blind mendicants on a bridge. Somehow the horror of the picture fascinates him and in attempting to copy it he meets with his first failure. One night he seduces Meg, in a manner that calls for a footnote by Dr. Freud, and the two are married and go to France, to a little town called St. Pol-aux Cedar to await the coming of the child. Meg, horrified by the queer circumstances of her betrayal, has ceased to love George, who seeks comfort and then love in the companionship of Hannah Wandless, an Amazon whose cynical poetry has enchanted the boy as did the picture of the blind men. Hannah scorns him, and when Meg dies giving birth to twins George returns to England and drowns himself.

The second and third parts of the story move faster, but not fast enough. Mazod and her twin brother, Berin, grow up, Berin is killed in the war and Mazod goes to work for the publisher who had turned her father down. Mazod has inherited all the weaknesses of her father, but with it a sort of divine courage that enables her to withstand disappointments that would have caused her father to fall to the ground and weep. She meets Jasper Brough, a priest turned art critic, who suffers from a variety of delusions, only one of which is the belief that he is impotent. Mazod sees in Brough an outlet for her maternal nature, feels that by bearing him a child she can save his soul, and after an interminable courtship in which she takes the aggressive role, she returns to France to have her child. The book ends with Mazod paying off her father's debt by finishing the copy of the blind men, and planning the futures of her children with optimism that seems a bit illogical in the face of what has gone before.

In the background of this story moves a strange procession of characters and events, apparently symbolizing the crass, ugly world with which Mazod has little contact. There is an idiot cousin, a bestial tutor, a superstition-ridden servant who babbles constantly of having seen Meg's ghost flitting over the countryside. Deaths occur and recur, by violence and by wasting disease. Given material of this sort, an American novelist, or even a Briton of the younger school, would likely have treated it as a tale of pure horror, with less artistic results beyond doubt, but infinitely better suited for current tastes. Miss Miles, however, has sublimated the macabre, has used it only as counterpoint to her theme of latter-day quietism, and this weird mixture is made even more incongruous by the fact that the lesser characters are more plausible than the principals.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 55)

THACKERAY—"ROUND-ABOUT PAPERS"

An acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend with currant jelly is but a sickly unrelishing meat.

Educational Dynamite

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL PROGRESS. By Charles H. Judd. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.

Reviewed by JAMES L. MCCONAUGHY

THIS is a timely, readable, worthwhile summary of the contemporary problems before our schools and colleges. Few people in America know more about American education than the author, who is head of the Department of Education at the University of Chicago. He clearly analyzes conditions, pointedly criticizes our educational failures, and suggests desirable reforms. Throughout, the point of view is that of social welfare, rather than educational technique.

The eleven provocative chapters are packed with educational dynamite. Professor Judd proves that we have inherited a school system planned for an agricultural society, ill adapted to an industrial civilization. The high school, once an institution chiefly for college preparation, will soon enroll nearly one hundred per cent of our children of secondary school age. They go to high school because the law requires it, and there are no jobs for them. If they can be made to want to learn, costs per pupil can be reduced, and more effective work done. School and college curricula too often have been expanded through pressure on the part of interested groups, rather than through a recognition of the real needs of the pupil. Patriotic organizations urge a study of the Constitution in the school; but this will not, of itself, make good citizens. Leadership must come from trained experts, free from any political pressure. College professors are not good leaders: "leadership for the whole educational system is not being supplied by the members of university faculties." "The science of education has encountered its most violent opposition from members of college and university faculties." Social and governmental problems must be discussed in the schoolroom frankly, if tomorrow's citizens are to be truly socially minded.

The author's picture of the ideal school includes the nursery school, a six-year elementary school, and a high school course of three or four years; from fifteen to eighteen, the youth will attend a "college," devoted to general education and the beginning of specialization and training in certain skills. It is noted that the average age of college freshmen a century ago was two years younger than it is today. The University will be devoted to professional preparation. "Recitations" will largely vanish, as pupils work out intellectual problems for themselves; much new teaching material must be prepared. Schools will be financed by taxes, on a much broader basis than the present local property taxes—perhaps state-wide, possibly federal.

The book is easy reading; five hours should be time enough for the average reader. It ought to be "required reading" for every member of a Board of Education; much of it they will not like; all of it, if openmindedly read, will make them more useful in their positions. Even more desirable would be the placing of this volume in the hands of parents of school children. Public school funds of any Committee would be wisely used if expended for the purchase of enough copies to lend to any interested parent. One wishes that the publishers could provide a cheap board-bound edition for this purpose, to be sold in quantities at cost to school boards. The author states, in the preface, that the book has been written "in the belief that the great majority of the American people are greatly interested in their schools"; true, but will they buy, read, and act? If fifty thousand American citizens read this book and thought about what they read, American schools might be definitely changed as a result. To our mind this is the best summary of the educational problems and possible solutions yet published.

* *

James L. McConaughy is president of Wesleyan University.

Sarah Gertrude Millin, the South African novelist, is at work on a biography of General Smuts, for which he has given her much of the material. The first volume is announced for the Spring of 1936.

The New Books

Fiction

THE ISLAND. By Claire Spencer. Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.50.

This book is laid on an island off the coast of Scotland, a place of farmers and fisher-folk; here and there is a sailor who has made long voyages, but for the most part the islanders have lived a self-sufficient life, until now, at the time of the story, a line of little steamboats begins to bring trippers from the mainland. The story is concerned with twin brothers, just out of school at the beginning, Gavan and Duncan Muir. Gavan regards his stronger brother with adoration, yet they are evidently destined to be rivals, from their first falling out over a sailboat; when they fall in love with the same girl, it is Duncan who gets her with child, but Gavan who is horsewhipped by her brothers; and they continue to cross each other until the violent climax with which the book ends.

Throughout, Duncan is meant to be one of those types of the Fortunate Youth who never comes to a good end, a figure who shall be evidently unmoral yet always glamorous and compelling. It is a character which is easier to conceive than to achieve; there are not many examples as convincing as Steerforth; and Miss Spencer's Duncan appears so plainly a rotter that one is impatient with Gavan for admiring him. Moreover, one feels that it was a mistake to make him Gavan's twin; the author's romantic claims for him are so extravagant, calling on us to regard him as almost a personification of the beauty and ruthlessness of nature, that it would have been better if he had had no family at all. And certainly, to give him such a father, mother, and brother as he has is going back to the outworn romantic convention that if he can achieve a striking relationship, an author need pay no attention to heredity. The rivalry between Gavan and Duncan will be more pointed if they are bound together as twins; so let them be. In the same way, Miss Spencer seems to have seen her island as a piece of conventionally romantic scenery, rather than to have felt it as a force. The island provides picturesque backgrounds, and it keeps the characters constantly near each other, intensifying the conflict like a duel fought across a handkerchief; but the characters, with their social distinctions, their ordinary modes of speech and thought, might live anywhere; they do not seem right as an isolated people. The whole book appears artificial, made up of skilful artifices, but artificial none the less, melodramatic rather than dramatic, romanticized rather than romantic.

B. D.

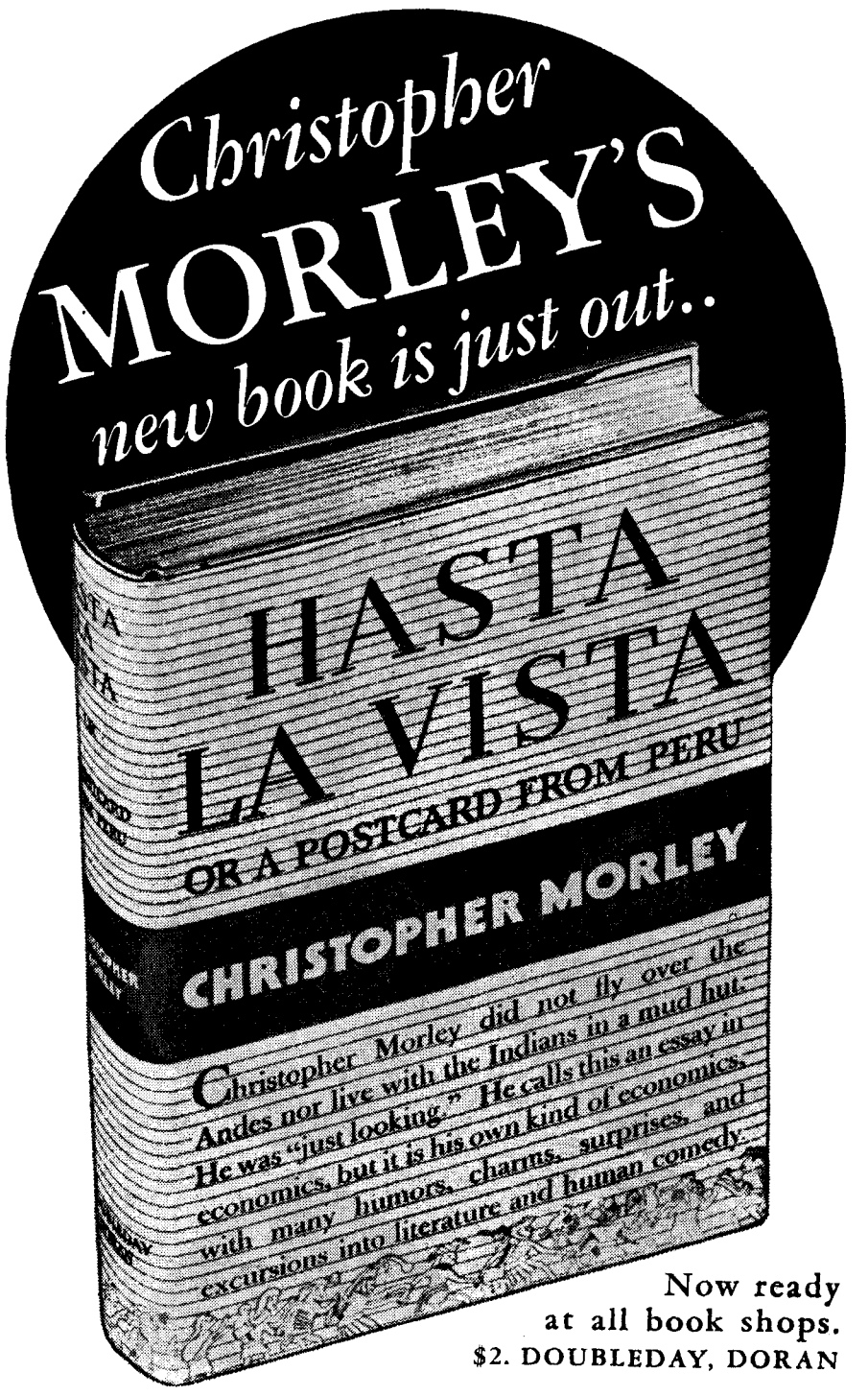
DON'T YOU WEEP . . . DON'T YOU MOAN. By Richard Coleman. Macmillan. 1935. $2.50.

One more of the remaining heritages of pre-Civil War days in the South crumbles in this novel Richard Coleman has written about the Negroes of contemporary Charleston.

Ever since Appomatox a few of the wealthier, more firmly established families in the older cities have maintained the institution of the "yard Negroes," the household servants who live in quarters just behind the Big House. These have been a caste above all other black folk,—a tonier, more exclusive group who must set an example before racial brothers, whose conduct must at all times have (relatively, of course) the serenity pedigree and breeding are supposed to confer. Yet this slight vestige of a gentle culture is, according to Mr. Coleman, about to vanish. His story shows how the relentless pace of modern life may invade even the iron grilles of Tradd Street, and bring low blood which for a hundred years has served the reigning Old Marster and Old Missus.

Combining two eminent South Carolinian names, Mr. Coleman calls his Big House family the Hugares. Their backyard blacks wear the same surname,—have worn it since long before John Brown was born. Of the present colored

(*Continued on next page*)


Christopher
MORLEY'S
new book is just out..
HASTA
LA VISTA
OR A POSTCARD FROM PERU
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Christopher Morley did not fly over the Andes nor live with the Indians in a mud hut. He was "just looking." He calls this an essay in economics, but it is his own kind of economics, with many humors, charms, surprises, and excursions into literature and human comedy.

Now ready
at all book shops.
$2. DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

generation Missy, the cook, is head. Her son, Tater, is gardener, yard-man, general helper until the day Mrs. Hugare brings the callow and delectable Lasses from nearby John Island to do housework and aid in the kitchen.

It is the love of Lasses which eventually brings Tater to the betrayal of the trust reposed in him as a "white folks' nigger." Embroiled in a scrape of which the girl has been a fairly innocent cause, he is responsible for the arrival of the police at the Tradd Street gate, for the sad reprimand Mrs. Hugare is forced to administer. "He had cut up a man as if he were a waterfront negro. He had been running around, like town trash, with a yellow woman for months. . . . He was a Hugare negro and he had acted like a nigger."

Far more than this twofold social implication lies in Mr. Coleman's deftly-told narrative. He is concerned less with the people who make his story than with sketching the night-life of Charleston's 32,000 Negroes. The endless round of dances, barbecues, "devil-fightings," dumb suppers (commercial undertakings at which one must pay for every sound one utters), watermelon cuttings, and the like, occasionally makes a polygon of the love-triangle which is the basis of his novel.

The result is a picture of the autonomous moral code which governs—ungoverns, perhaps, would be the better word—the South's dusky population. It is a code crossed by class lines,—city Negro against country, house servant against stevedore, pale skin against dark; yet in all grades, as Mr. Coleman effectively shows, its convenient laxity is recognized.

A. B. B.

Miscellaneous

MEN OF TURMOIL. By various authors. Milton, Balch. 1935. $3.75.

Books like "Men of Turmoil"—published in England as "Great Contemporaries"—belong necessarily to the cultural prize-package or smatter school of literature. Here are nearly two score contemporary "great" men, ranging in type all the way from Henry Ford to Einstein, written about by as many individuals who have known them in the flesh or made some special study of them.

The sketches are necessarily short—a bit of biography, a bit of historical background, a generalization or two. Anything definitive is naturally impossible, for the reason, if for no other, that in most cases the subjects are still in full career. The comments on Franklin D. Roosevelt, for instance, made by the *Herald-Tribune's* Mr. Ernest K. Lindley, are those of a working newspaperman who has followed the President through many adventures, including those of the last campaign, and however interesting, can scarcely be anything in the nature of a final word.

Odd bits of information are turned up. Gandhi was married at twelve to a bride of eleven. Mussolini couldn't bear, as a youth, the smell of wax candles during mass, or at any rate so complained. Some of the biographers are hero-worshippers, others frankly critical. No gayety, no charm, no spell-binding will save Lloyd George, so his biographer, Mary Agnes Hamilton, decides, from the sad verdict of history. "The major legacy of a man, who, at his worst, was a demagogue, and at his best a sincere democrat, is the contemporary distrust of democracy and blind inclination to dictatorship." One or two of the essays are no more than newspaper "special articles," others are written by scholars in the general subject.

Hitler and Stalin, Shaw and Chaliapin, Bergson and Freud, His Holiness, the present Pope, are among the great names. Taken as a whole, the job is capably done. The careless newspaper-reader, which is to say ninety-nine out of a hundred newspaper-readers, can sit comfortably under his evening lamp and skim pretty satisfactorily over the contemporary world and feel himself fairly well "up" on many subjects of which he knew practically nothing before. And that, of course, is the amiable purpose of such books.

Travel

SOUTH AMERICAN ADVENTURES. By Alice Curtis Desmond. Macmillan. 1934. $2.50.

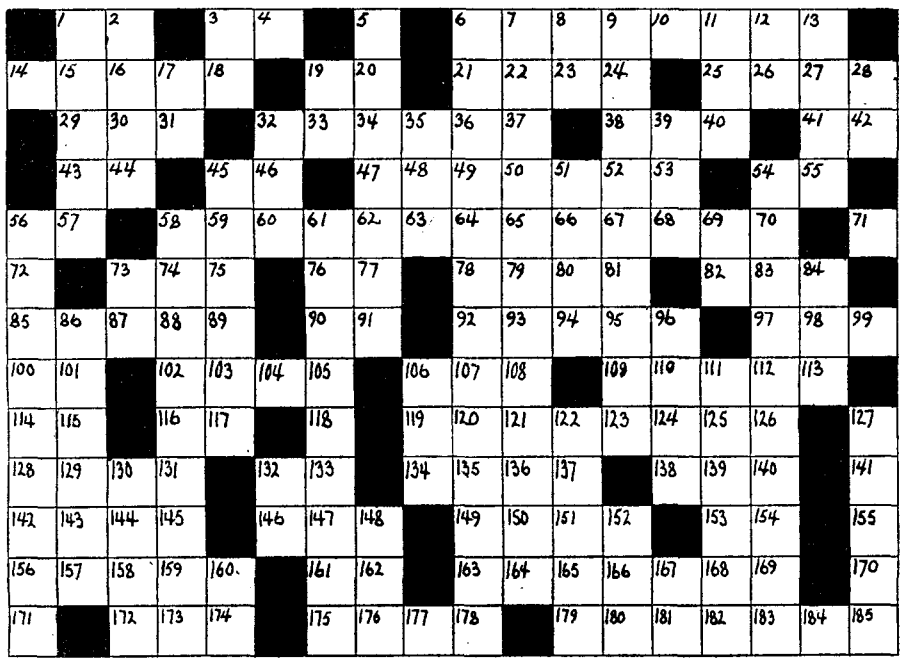
Mrs. Desmond and "Tom," her husband, took the regulation South American tour—down the West Coast, with side-trips to Cuzco, Titicaca, La Paz, and the nitrate country; over the Andes from Chile to the Argentine, and north from Buenos Aires, with stops in Sao Paulo, Rio, Trinidad, and Caracas. If, to old-timers, Mrs. Desmond may seem to have almost a gift for the well-worn and obvious, the journey was all delightfully novel and exciting to the author herself, and she sets it all down, from *siroche* to "The Paris of South America," together with bits of history and legend and frequent glimpses of the folks met along the way, with the guileless liveliness of a discoverer.

Brief Mention

The much-travelled Harry A. Franck's last book of rambles is called *Vagabond in Sovietland* (Stokes, $2.75). * * * Three little guides for people in a hurry cover Vienna, Brussels, and Berlin each in seven days. The author is Arthur Milton (McBride, $1.50 each). * * * Carl Becker's many admirers will enjoy a collection of his essays just published by F. S. Crofts & Co., called *Everyman His Own Historian: Essays on History and Politics* ($2.50). * * * An interesting little book on salmon fishing, is *Salmon Tactics*, by Percy E. Nobbs, with drawings by the author. This is a book on how to do it and contains good advice up to and including cooking the fish (Houghton Mifflin, $3). * * * The first volume of *A Bibliography of British History* has just been published by William Thomas Morgan of the University of Indiana. This volume covers the years 1700-1715 and represents a comprehensive bibliography of the reign of Queen Anne. *The Thorndike Century Junior Dictionary* has been made from a selection of words based on a count of the actual occurrences of words in over 10,000,000 words of reading matter. By simplicity of definition and by large type it has been adapted to the use of children, also by very considerable simplification of the usual etymological data (D. Appleton-Century, $2). * * * George Bronson Rea, Counsellor to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the Government of Manchoukuo has written *The Case for Manchoukuo*, frankly a defense by a well informed partisan (Appleton-Century, $3). * * * A book in the same field is *Japan's Pacific Mandate*, by Paul H. Clyde, which deals with the problems arising out of Japan's administration of 1400 islands and reefs in the Pacific (Macmillan, $3). * * * Two new biographies appear in the Appleton series, one of *Mary Magdalen* by that excellent writer, Edith Olivier, the other of *Charlemagne* by Douglas Woodruff, a competent and readable volume (Appleton-Century, $1.50 each).

Double-Crostics: No. 56

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-nine words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. A kind of boat.

II. The body of Mohammedan traditions.

III. Early pictorial symbol in writing.

IV. Famous character in crime fiction.

V. Observation point.

VI. Unconscious, inanimate.

VII. A character in Gilbert and Sullivan.

VIII. Kind of low comedy.

IX. Bungling work.

X. Fashionable London thoroughfare.

XI. Succulent bivalve.

XII. Poem by Tennyson.

XIII. Pertaining to motion.

XIV. Town on Bay of Naples.

XV. Vivacity, élan.

XVI. To rail bitterly.

XVII. To scurry, run away (colloq.).

XVIII. Sluggish, motionless.

XIX. To harangue.

XX. Indian dancing girl.

XXI. Substance formed by combustion.

XXII. Aimless.

XXIII. Capital of Assyrian Empire.

XXIV. American author (1815-1882).

XXV. Where Tammany meets.

XXVI. Jezebel's husband.

XXVII. Green pot-herb.

XXVIII. Gilbert and Sullivan character.

XXIX. English critic (1857-1926).

WORDS

55 106 99 170 111 154 160

30 146 40 116 172 139

114 53 31 77 18 121 5 63

12 54 64 16 73

166 36 74 141 42 102 14

68 142 72 126 39 29 3 13 37 41

103 176 181 83 124 80 134

113 125 167 175 117 82 156 144 179

43 177 161 58 15

112 133 19 115 84 130 9 143 47

46 96 25 61 120 185

90 24 153 171 105 44

85 129 180 52 138 56 88

45 159 81 108 174 70 75 104

23 152 137 155 62

123 92 32 27 10 131 97

101 145 26 109 98 95 163 65 79

33 60 94 48 6

110 8 49 67 135

17 71 107 76 182 128

157 59 87 119

136 100 178 158 91 127

147 1 28 184 151 169 21

148 38 57 150

132 164 51 7 93

118 149 22 11

4 50 35 86 66 165 78

89 20 183 162

34 173 69 168 2 140 122

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 641 of this issue.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

PSYCHOLOGY OF HAPPINESS—Change your viewpoint, and face life happily. Apply for prospectus to Registrar, School of Novices of the A.M.A.B.O.N.S., Box 265, R. F. D., Manteca, California.

DENNY—Will write as soon as I get the address. Box 276-A.

THE HOME BEAUTIFUL for sale or summer rental. Louise Swartz, Lake Mahopac, N. Y.

CREATIVE MIND, interests versatile, middle-aged in years only. Offers and desires stimulating companionship. New York, Box 394-A.

BUY SMART! Save money on Radios, Typewriters, Travel Accommodations, etc. What are your needs? F. Petri, 1107 Broadway, N. Y. C.

CAPABLE BOY, eighteen, wants summer occupation. Good driver. Excellent references. Box 360-A.

FOR RENT—Cottage near Bread Loaf for summer session. $120. Box 334-A.

"HIDDEN HEARTH." Delightful house for inexpensive summer near Narragansett, Rhode Island. Four master bedrooms, modern conveniences, ocean bathing. Box 343-A.

HOUSE FOR SUMMER. To rent (to gentiles) in the Green Mountains near Wilmington, Vermont, made over farmhouse. Four bedrooms, bath, $300 for three months. Completely furnished—all bedding, towels, etc., plated ware and china and kitchen ware. Address Mrs. John H. Sturgis, 154 Brattle St., Cambridge, Mass.

WOULD SEMI-YOUNGISH, sincere, non-chisel lady, write non-attached, professional, business GENTLEMAN, old enough for mature judgment, young enough to entertain, neither antique, nor ultra-modern—downright-easiness-of-mark partially exploited; survived depression with sense of humor, personable, idealist? I'M ASKING YOU—

FOR SALE—In the hills. Century-old completely converted barn, five bedrooms, modern bathrooms, G. E. oil furnace, separate studio, heated garage. Enquire Mrs. Arthur Titus, Washington, Conn.

MANUSCRIPT CRITICISM: Coley B. Taylor, Editor, Gotham House, Inc., contributor to The Bookman, The Survey, Books, The World Tomorrow, Theatre Guild Quarterly, etc., will criticize novels and book-length non-fiction. Terms on request. Coley B. Taylor, 160 Claremont Ave., New York.

PUBLISH LOCAL NEWSPAPER without capital. Facts 10c. United Service, Red Wing, Minnesota.

FAMILY wishing for ocean would rent house, furnished, to someone wishing for hills and a quiet summer in Watertown, Connecticut. Hills.

GENIUS lost in woods. Who will help meritorious literary achievement reach recognition? Mutual profit. Christian Lady.

CULTURED, refined Jewess, 34, would exchange views with interesting Manhattanites. Box 362-A.

MIDDLE-AGED man, single, cultured college professor; yea, intelligent. Interested in literature, social problems, music, good conversation, modern life, gardening. Desires letters from serious, not solemn, persons. Box 363-A.

AMBITIOUS young couple (teachers) desire change. Tutoring, social service, travelling companions, camp counselors, adult education. Summer or permanent. Box 364-A.

REFINED young woman, thirty, desires correspondence with interesting, cultured New Yorkers. Box 365-A.

FRENCH college girl, cultured, seeks summer position: tutor (French handicrafts Arts); travel companion. Box 366-A.

GENTLEMAN, over 30, desires lively correspondence with refined, broad-minded person. Has studied in Paris; traveled extensively. Box 369-A.

TEACHER, 27, possessing drivers' license and sense of humor, desires summer employment at mountains, shore, or traveling. Prefers people, books, hiking, theatre. Box 370-A.

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PERSONALS

DOES SOME YOUNG MAN like April, ice, and scribbling? A young lady addicted to all three would like to correspond. GINGERSNAP. Box 367-A.

SIX ROOM furnished apartment near Columbia. Excellent summer exposure. May or June to September. Box 368-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, 26, A.B. and A.M. degrees in Literature and Philosophy. Must have work. Brief secretarial experience. Anything except selling. Box 371-A.

CHICAGOAN, 30, 5'8", 150 lbs., healthy. Milieu, $40 a week. Tact and manners. Studied the world between Munich and Chicago. Able philosopher, painter, writer. Technical trained sheet metal mfg. Adaptable. Tolerant. Versatile. I must work to live. Yet have not sufficient desire in money or position to arouse enough energy in myself to be productive after a dull and strenuous day. I want to live to paint, write, to quench my lust for the romantic. I could teach philosophy, painting, German. Do landscapes portrays, debates on all subjects. Or could you suggest the position which would solve my problem? Box 372-A.

MRS. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON: Complete biographical details, suppressed letters, illustrations, etc., gathered over eight years regarding the most amazing American woman of Victorian America. Hurdling romances, shocking English society by "rolling her own," and wild courtship with her "insane Louis." Gold for spiced-meat biography. Entire collection for sale. Box 373-A.

WANTED: Cultured woman or couple to share part expenses and attractive six-room modern cottage in country with woman landscape gardener (who is away most of day). Cottage 4 miles from Morristown, N. J.; beautifully situated and real country. Box 374-A.

LADY, with diversified tastes, especially music, conversation, dancing, hikes, eager to know congenial man between 30 and 40. Chicagoland. Box 375-A.

DELIGHTFUL furnished house; four bedrooms; conveniences; Berkshires. Adults. Season, $200. Box 376-A.

WRITER of doubtful talents wants publisher unsure of enduring or commercial literary value, inclined to regard several completed and adjudged competent novel-manuscripts reasonable promise. Box 377-A.

VERSATILE WOMAN, with ten years' experience in various branches of hotel work, having opened housekeeping department of large winter hotel, would like position for summer. Excellent references, New York and Pacific Coast. Box 378-A.

LITERARY RESEARCH. Information found on all subjects. Box 379-A.

HORSEBACK TREK from Florida, following hounds of spring, would produce unique travel articles, diary, etc. Publishing concerns, newspapers, publicity departments or private interests please contact. Lady Barkus, M.A., is willing. Box 380-A.

EMBRYO DESIGNER with unusual artistic talent and creative personality desires backing. Lassie.

LADYSLIPPER: See page 79 of Peattie's "Almanac for Moderns." He is telling you what I don't know how to. Pipesmoke.

CATHOLIC University Graduates over 40 years: Where do you gentlemen hide? California.

DOES A FAMILY want July and August paying guest, just graduating from prominent private school? Would also tutor child in Latin and elementary mathematics if this would help. Object—tennis, swimming, riding, a summer among interesting young people. Vassar Sub-Freshman.

AUTHORS! Accurate, prompt, capable typing service. Low rates. E. Luben, WAtkins 9-5220.

SULPHUR and molasses season? A spring tonic: weekend at Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, New Jersey. Doses of outdoors, swell food, your own kind of companionship.

PERSONAL PARCEL POST LABELS—Printed with your return name and address, and gummed ready to stick on packages. Actual size 5½ x 2½. An unusual gift, cellophane wrapped and boxed 100 labels $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. The Press Company, Wellsburg, West Virginia.

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ATTENTION! Young woman, educated, capable, agreeable companion. Trained nurse and dietitian; versatile in sports. Wants to travel in Europe with persons appreciating high type service for expenses plus perhaps moderate salary. Available June 16th. Box 381-A.

LAKE SHORE Adirondack cottage. Attractive, big living room, wide verandas with view of lake and mountains. Quiet. Four bedrooms. Garage. $250 from now till November. Box 383-A.

The Compleat Collector

FINE PRINTING

CONDUCTED BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Rare Books and is conducted by John T. Winterich.

Books by Merle Armitage

WARREN NEWCOMB. New York: Weyhe. 1932.

ROCKWELL KENT. New York: Knopf. 1932.

THE LITHOGRAPHS OF RICHARD DAY. New York: Weyhe. 1932.

THE ART OF EDWARD WESTON. The same.

HENRIETTA SHORE. The same.

PICTURE BOOK: Thirty-two Original Lithographs by Jean Charlot. New York: Becker. 1933.

FROM Mr. Merle Armitage I have received a series of books of a sort which rather rarely come to the reviewer on a literary journal — books which are concerned primarily with the presentation of the work of artists. In such books, if the reproductions are ordinarily successful, the printer and the publisher are content not to attempt much in the other details of presentation. Mr. Armitage has not been satisfied with mere faithfulness of reproduction, but has attempted to give to each volume a form which would in itself reflect some of the spirit of the artist's work. This is a difficult, and, I sometimes think, a thankless task: certainly the great printers of the past seldom troubled much about it, and it has been left to the printers of today, working without a definite style, to attempt harmony between subject and treatment.

Of these five books, produced, as Mr. Armitage modestly says, "in an ordinary printing office filled to the guards with commercial work," the volumes devoted to Charlot and Weston seem to me best to reflect the work of the men whose pictures they show. Weston's photographs, reproduced to full size—portraits of people and of natural objects—are admirably preceded by pages set in large sizes of Bodoni letter. Bodoni in a fairly heavy face, and in large size, especially as used here with very large initials, well balances the heavy solids of the half-tones, whereas small sizes of Bodoni go ill with half-tones—something which most printers have not learned. The binding carries out the black-and-white contrasts of the inside.

The Charlot book—thirty-two succubine drawings—has the inestimable advantage of being wholly the artist's work, since he drew them directly for lithographic printing in colors. And here the type does not attempt competition with the pictures, but remains unobtrusive.

Of the three books, those on Warren Newcomb, Henrietta Shore, and Richard Day, it is sufficient to say that they are produced with spirit, but are frankly reproductions of representative work of the artists. There are, however, original lithographs in the Richard Day and Warren Newcomb volumes, printed from the stone.

Mr. Armitage's book about Rockwell Kent is in another class. It does indeed reproduce a dozen of Mr. Kent's pictures, as well as a photograph of him, but it is also an attempt at an evaluation of the artist, and it contains a check-list (erroneously called a bibliography) of his work down to 1931. It is a useful manual, well written and well printed, with a representative showing of Mr. Kent's work in graphic art.

The books are examples of an author-printer working out his ideas to a successful conclusion, for, whether one accepts the typographic style or not, the results are good typesetting and excellent printing.

Other Items

Formal announcement is now made of the Folio Bible which Bruce Rogers has been at work on for some time. It has been printed at the Oxford University Press, in a special casting of Mr. Rogers's "Centaur" type, without decorations. Two hundred copies have been printed on Batchelor hand-made paper, of which one hundred and eighty are for sale; forty of these have been allocated to the American market, and are priced at $265 in either one or two volumes. In addition, one copy has been printed on a unique hand-made paper from the J. Barcham Green mill, which will be presented to the Library of Congress. Toward the extraordinary expense of this volume, $1,250, Mr. Rogers asks contributions of $10 from at least one hundred American book-lovers. A further consideration of the new monumental Bible will appear in these columns as soon as copies are available here for examination.

⁂

The Alpress Printers of 1321 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, announce a series of chapbooks, pamphlets, and broadsides. If the typography of the issues is as bad as that of the announcement they will establish a new all-time low.

Notes from the Foreign Magazines

By ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

MARCEL BRION, in *Les Nouvelles Littéraires* (Paris) for January 26, writes enthusiastically of Una Pope-Hennessy's new life of Edgar Allan Poe, and dwells, very naturally in view of his audience, on the biographer's reminder that Poe's genius was heralded earlier and more enthusiastically in France than anywhere else. Poe was far from the type-American (the critic suggests that there are strains in his writing that suggest Jewish blood), and the French showed superior sagacity in "discovering" a great poet amid unpromising surroundings, and in applying his technique to the enriching of their own literary production.

Poets count for more in South America than they do with us, and the tragic death of the most popular Latin-American lyrist, the Peruvian José Santos Chocano, called "the poet of America," stabbed to death by a personal enemy on the streets of Santiago de Chile in December, was not merely a sensational tragedy but a literary disaster which was felt all over the continent. Personally, Santos Chocano was a high-strung Latin of a type which is always agitated, unhappy, and involved in dramatic difficulties, but his sufferings have borne a rich harvest of colorful poetry. He himself courted comparison and contrast with Walt Whitman:

> "Walt Whitman has the North, but I have the South"

and various critics have pushed the parallel. Chocano, however, was no "good, gray" plebian, but a hot-blooded aristocrat.

A great admirer of Bolívar, his heroic poem "El Hombre Sol" might have become the great South American epic if he had lived to complete it. The most detailed recent discussion of his work is the essay by the Chilean critic and poet Roberto Meza Fuentes in the last issue of *Nosotros* of Buenos Aires—the last issue, alas! of that worthy monthly which is likely ever to appear, since the editors announce that the economic difficulties with which they have long had to struggle have at last forced them to abandon the enterprise.

Another writer who spans two continents is the alert and judicious French-Swiss critic Albert Schinz, now of the University of Pennsylvania, whose sesquicentennial appreciation of Dr. Johnson, with the title "Samuel Johnson, le Boileau anglais" appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for February 1st. Professor Schinz is—rather surprisingly—of the opinion that Dr. Johnson is more alive in the English-speaking world than Boileau in the minds of Frenchmen. This chronicler had supposed that the traditions of British Toryism were following the spinning-wheel and the ox-cart into picturesque oblivion. But any study by Professor Schinz is solid matter well presented.

⁂

Roy Temple House, editor of Books Abroad, *is head of the department of modern languages at the University of Oklahoma.*

PERSONALS

WOULD an interesting, enthusiastic, unattached, college man (40-48), enjoy correspondence with business woman, educated, cultured and versatile? "To get some pleasure out of life and pass it on to other folk." Box 361-A.

IN WHAT DIRECTION should one move? Young woman, still under thirty, college graduate, who is determined to escape from the rut of school-teaching, would like interesting position, offering reasonable remuneration and possible opportunities for travel. Enjoys books, speaking in public, directing plays, and playing bridge. G. F.

LENGTHEN your two weeks vacation by commuting to cool, quiet Princeton. Comfortable home—sleeping porch for two people with reasonable requirements. Box 382-A.

CLASSIFIED

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"...*an invocation to hard-won happiness*"
JOHN COWPER POWYS, *author of*
THE ART OF HAPPINESS

The Inner Sanctum presents a volume designed for the pocket with a message designed for the heart—*The Art of Happiness*, by JOHN COWPER POWYS. (Price $2.00)

In a letter written to your correspondents last December, the author of *Wolf Solent*, *A Philosophy of Solitude* and *In Defense of Sensuality* wrote:

"I am trying, in THE ART OF HAPPINESS, *to go deeper than I have ever gone before into the nervous and sensational springs of our life. I am trying to dig down to those elementary feelings of pleasure and pain that underlie all our life's activity as well as all our life's passivity; and I am trying to express my discoveries with living words.*

"I am writing of the subtle 'art,' for instance, by which a woman can be happy living with a man and a man can be happy living with a woman, when the first thrill of 'being in love' is over and gone. I am writing of all the 'little things' connected with food, fire, warmth, cold, rain, sun and air, tea, coffee, cigarettes, newspapers, mechanical work, walks, reveries, love-making, the afterthoughts from books, the casual glimpses of Nature, that in the most ordinary day of the most unassuming life can be given by the use of the IMAGINATIVE WILL *a certain twist or a particular emphasis* THAT MAY MAKE ALL THE DIFFERENCE."

The Art of Happiness is an invocation, a credo and a declaration of spiritual ways and means. It will be read, *The Inner Sanctum* believes, not only by those devoted followers of JOHN COWPER POWYS who haven't missed a book of his since *Wolf Solent*—but also by many new thousands to whom it carries a direct and not-to-be-forgotten message.

—ESSANDESS.

says
Christopher Morley

"The story is written with captivating charm, the exotic Malayan scene is exquisitely real; when I say it will make you think of Conrad I pay it my highest compliment."

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MICHELANGELO, THE MAN

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An appraisal of the man himself—his friends, his rivals, his loves and an eminently readable biography!

A CROWELL BOOK . $3.50

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Congratulations to the *Virginia Quarterly Review* which in its current excellent issue (April) completes ten years of publication. Very exceptional in that issue is an Open Letter from the editors to the Printers (the Michie Company of Charlottesville) thanking and praising them for ten years of fine craftsmanship. ☞Has it ever been noted how many of the men engaged in the renaissance of Southern literature and criticism are former Rhodes Scholars? Three of the contributors to this issue of the *Virginia Quarterly* are American Oxonians. ☞We liked an advertisement of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. (Brooklyn) about type-face for textbooks. The type, they said, should have "plenty of daylight inside the letter." A thought worth remembering by writers too. ☞The Ellison Book Shop, 8 Strand Arcade, Lansing, Michigan, celebrated its recent opening by giving as souvenir to friends and customers a reprint of Mr. C. M. E. Towne's pleasant little fancy *The Autobiography of Master Bookworm*—which purports to trace the adventures of a cheerful and harmless bookworm through the various books he has inhabited since he was born (in a copy of *The Anthology of Caphalus* in the abbey of Malmesbury). He now lives in a first edition of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* at Michigan State College.

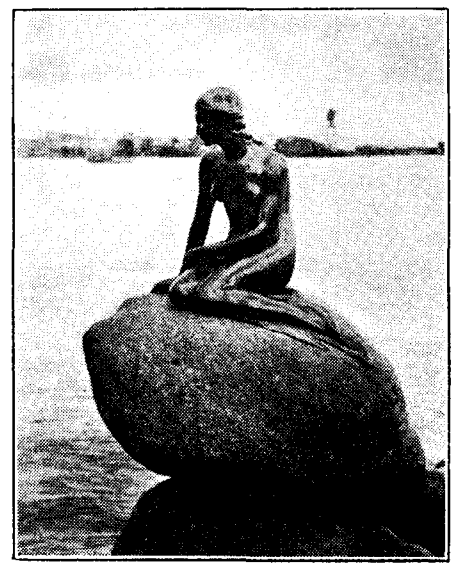
☞Miss Steloff of the Gotham Book Mart, 51 West 47, was excited to discover that an old vellum bound atlas with beautiful colored maps, which she has had in the store for some time, is an actual Mercator, edited by the famous old geographer who devised the projection. ☞This covetable treasure is sonorously entitled *Tabulæ Geographicæ Cl. Ptolomæi, ad mentem Auctoris Restitutæ et Emendatæ Per* GERARDUM MERCATOREM *illustriss. Ducis Cliviæ Cosmographum*, 1584.

☞Impoverished Old Quercus, after finally getting his State Income Tax off to Albany, sees flashing before him everywhere the horrid little legend

ATTACH REMITTANCE HERE

☞He did feel aggrieved, after all his conscientious calculations, that the pink addressed envelope supplied by the State Tax Commission didn't have enough stickum to make the flap adhere. ☞After woe comes pleasure: Q. falls back into *The Deadly Dowager* a really amusing and sardonic crime story by Edwin Greenwood (Doubleday, $2) with the unusual commendation of a preface by Arthur Machen.

☞*The Deadly Dowager* belongs on the same shelf as our highly admired *Murder of My Aunt*. ☞A very workmanlike sleuth story is *The Murder of Miss Betty Sloan* by Sidney Williams, literary editor of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. We enjoy his homespun detective Jabez Twombley—and it's delightful to read a tale laid in the good old Philadelphia locale—even including Leary's Old Bookstore. ☞The most exciting reference to this magazine which we've seen lately is in a Hungarian pamphlet by Országh László published in Budapest. It says: "aki a nagytekintélyü *Saturday Review of Literature* szerkesztöje." We wish we could translate it. ☞Another delightful message from abroad comes from Mr. W. S. Hall who has been visiting the Scandinavian bookshops and writes full of enthusiasm. He sends a picture postcard of the prettiest sculpture we have ever seen—a bronze sleek Mer-



maid sitting on a rock in Copenhagen harbor. It is called *Den lille Havfrue*—which we suppose means the little harbor maiden? The S. R. L. Mermaids have added it to their collection of Undines.

☞An ambitious publishing project is the forthcoming Modern Library Double-Barrelled Giant edition of J. A. Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy*. This will make available in two volumes, a dollar each, what previously occupied seven volumes and cost $26.25. ☞The Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowships close May 1. One candidate's project is "A Book on Human Relations: How to Meet the Confusions and Perplexities of Day-to-Day Living." He hopes to win a fellowship "because he can then quit his job, leave his wife, and go to live in Mexico."

☞All Trollopians are glad to hear that Orley Farm is now available in the little *World's Classics* series. ☞Quercus's own personal idiosyncrasy: probably no books of the spring would give him more granules of thought than the two volumes of the letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

☞Much pleased by the New York Junior League's excellent idea to have an Exhibition of Banned Books, April 24-May 13; wish we knew what are the headlines in their showing.

☞Which reminds us of the newspaper column that gives us more grieving mirth than any other, Cholly Knickerbocker's social chatter in the New York Sunday *American*. "Goodness," chirps Cholly, "I remember the day when I was the only Social Registerized columnist in Gotham. Now there are dozens of us!" Such innocent excitement gives old Quercus a thrill.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEADLY DOWAGER *Edwin Greenwood* (Doubleday Doran: $2.)	Aged British noblewoman, to preserve family standing, murders merrily and often.	Arabella gets it in the neck at end, but it's a positive delight to watch her kill.	Delectable
MR. FORTUNE OBJECTS *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Reggie Fortune suffers through six more criminal cases, distributed about the English countryside.	Mr. F.'s weary mannerisms begin to weary the Hon. Court, but the stories are mostly good ones.	Read it
BY NIGHT AT DINSMORE *John Esteven* (Crime Club: $2.)	Fated family in North Woods on way to total extermination when Dr. Le Breton steps in.	Tank melodramatics softened by racy outdoor stuff. There's a fight with wolves that's a wow.	Passable
DEATH-WATCH *John Dickson Carr* (Harpers: $2.)	London detective skewered with steel minute-hand of big clock, giving bluff Dr. Fell quite a time.	Good idea, interesting characters, shivery surroundings, but too much extraneous detail and confusing subplots.	Above average
BETWEEN MURDERS *Sherry King* (Appleton-Century: $2.)	Lawyer Durstine tells tale of various murders turning it over at end to real sleuth who reveals solution.	Violently violates part of Detective Story Decalogue. Otherwise moderately moving and well characterized thriller.	So-so

DOUBLEDAY DORAN

Discoveries

THIS SPRING we are fortunate in being blessed with a delightful company of these just-discovered or about-to-be-discovered books, that make publishing exciting and bookselling the most adventurous of professions. Just glance over a few of these new books awaiting you in the bookshops.

FIRST there's Edwin Greenwood's THE DEADLY DOWAGER which, as Arthur Machen says in his Introduction, mixes mirth and murder with immense spirit and success. It's the unique story of 83-year-old Lady Angela who develops a lethal monomania for more money at the expense of fewer relatives.

Virginia Kirkus, that astute prophet of good reading, says that the book is *Entertainment plus;* and Donald Gordon of The American News Company agrees that you will find it immensely amusing farce. ($2.)

AS to Thames Williamson's UNDER THE LINDEN TREE, we won't give away the secret of this utterly different and excitingly beautiful novel, except to say that it is nothing like Mr. Williamson's *Hunky* or *The Woods Colt*, in fact that it is like no book of which we know, but that if you cherish the memory of such works as *Thunder on the Left* or *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* or *One More Spring*, you will find it an experience of imperishable beauty. ($2.50)

QUITE a number of people have written in to tell us that **Mary Barrow Linfield's** romantic novel of the great Louisiana plantations in Reconstruction days is giving them something of the pleasure which they found in *So Red the Rose*.

JAPONICA GROVE is indeed a lovely book and Miss Linfield's is a name to be reckoned with in regional literature. ($2.50)

ONE of the most delightful surprises of the season—so we've heard—is **EVENING OF A MARTINET, Jane Oliver's** story of a very likeable woman, the headmistress of a famous school, behind whose cool front we are given glimpses of an effervescent personality—rich in wit and the keen good fun of living—and her lost, but not forgotten, brief idyl of passion. ($2.)

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